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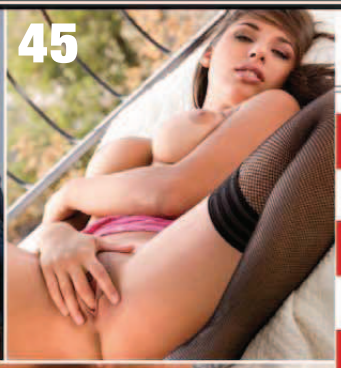

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IS DEMOCRACY DEAD?

The U.S. Supreme Court decision of January 21, 2010 (*Citizens United* v. *Federal Election Commission*), allowing corporations to spend endless amounts of money influencing our elections, will change America forever. The election process, already awash in money from the fat cats, will now be swamped by corporate propaganda favoring their chosen candidate. In comparison, contributions from the average citizen will be insignificant.

Our democracy has never faced such peril. The playing field has been inexorably tilted in favor of Big Business. Unless something is done about this, the rich will be in control of our country from here on out.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

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"It's me, dear…with the airport delays and cancellations, I'm still here. The airport motel is totally packed, but you know me…I'm just trying to make the best of it."

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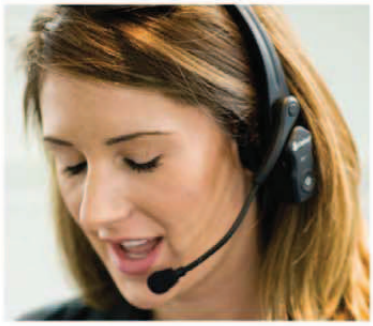

HOT HEAD

It is now illegal in most states to talk on a cell phone while driving unless you use a hands-free Bluetooth headset. But some of us are a little nervous about having one sticking in our ears. The **Cobra Deluxe T5 Over the Head Bluetooth Headset** solves both problems. Featuring Sonance Noise Cancellation Technology, an adjustable boom arm microphone and easy-to-use controls, it provides eight hours of talk time, a standby time of 250 hours and a 32-foot maximum operating distance. Besides being lightweight and flexible for maximum comfort, the headset can be worn on either ear. What are you waiting for? Hit the road with **Cobra**.

Available at ***Cobra.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.95.

POCKET PAL

The **MovieBook VPD400** from ViewSonic is the ultimate all-in-one portable entertainment experience. You can use it to watch HD movies, listen to music, view photos or read digital books. It even includes a voice recorder.

Sleek and thin, the **VPD400** features a 4.3-inch HD 720p screen and runs up to 12 hours on a single charge. There's also 8 GB of memory, so you can hook it up to any PC to load a variety of video, photo and audio formats. Or attach it to a TV and share your content with friends and family. And to answer your question: Yes, you can fill the **VPD400** with porn.

Available at ***ViewSonic.com***. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

BOOMIN' BOX

Easy access. Isn't that what we all want? Wait! We were talking about our digital music. The smart-looking **Logitech Squeezebox Radio** is about the size of a toaster, but it will fill any room in your house with big sound. Offered in red or black, the **Squeezebox** streams the music on your computer or from subscription services, all wirelessly through your Wi-Fi network. It also has a high-res color screen to easily view album art, track and station info. It's that easy. What kind of easy access were you thinking about?

Available at ***Logitech.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

HANDHELD WIZARDS

WizCom Technologies, a leader in portable scanners, has just introduced two lightweight tools to make business easier. The **InfoScan TS Elite** is an easy-to-use, lightweight note-taking scanner that lets you store up to 500 pages (20,000 lines) of text any time and anywhere. You can then edit and make notes to the text and later send info to a PC, PDA or smartphone via a USB. With the little "pen," you can also scan pages directly into any Windows-based application via USB. It also features a virtual keyboard for maximum efficiency.

While the **ReadingPen TS** handles several of the same functions, it can also be used to enhance reading skills by scanning, uploading and inserting any text. It's perfect for people learning a second language or living with dyslexia. You can scan and insert text via a touchscreen and virtual keyboard, then play it back aloud to get definitions and pronunciation. Info can then be transferred (via USB) to and from a PC.

The best part is we have one **InfoScan TS Elite** and one **ReadingPen TS** to give away. See enter-to-win details below.

Available at ***WizComTech.com***. Suggested retail prices: **InfoScan TS Elite**, $199.99; **ReadingPen TS**, $279.95.

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Bits & Pieces ☐ Music Section ☐ Celebrity Section ☐

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GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

DIAL E FOR ESPIONAGE

Saboteur

EA

PS3, Xbox 360

This game is the ultimate in open-world, first-person action and adventure. As hero Sean Devlin you get to kick, shoot and fight your way through a highly stylized environment set in Nazi-occupied France. All that is great, but our favorite ***Saboteur*** feature is its bevy of supersexy chicks (some topless). Just don't trust the hotties; they're all spies.

SPACED OUT

Dark Void

Capcom

PS3, Xbox 360

You are a pilot dropped into the middle of a dark and mysterious vortex, a parallel universe called "The Void." Arm yourself and fire away at damn near everything in sight at blistering speeds. Then you can use ***Dark Void***'s jetpack booster and aerial dogfighting features to take your third-person shooting sci-fi combat experience to a whole new level.

IT TAKES TWO

Army of Two: The 40th Day

EA

PS3, Xbox 360, PSP

Forget the U.S. military's Army of One campaign; you need to buddy up. The cinematically charged sequel to the popular ***Army of Two*** combat game really focuses on teamwork and cooperation. Playing ***The 40th Day***, you rely more than ever on your partner (and awesome weaponry) to blast your way through Shanghai as the city faces annihilation. Your mission is to get out alive…and not alone.

GO TO THE DARKSIDE

Resident Evil: The Darkside Chronicles

Capcom

Wii

Designed exclusively for the Wii, the latest chapter in the ***Resident Evil*** franchise turns your journey into horror on its ass! The lines of good and evil are blurred beyond focus as you fight dark forces that somehow seem very appealing. All the popular characters return for this rapid-fire, blood-soaked thrill ride of a game.

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SAD STATE OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY

THE PRESIDENT AND POLITICIANS WHO SUPPOSEDLY SPEAK FOR THE "LITTLE GUY" HAVE FAILED TO DELIVER WHERE IT MATTERS MOST.

So the Democrats lost their much-vaunted "filibuster-proof" majority in the Senate? Well, they're probably relieved: Scott Brown's arrival gives them another excuse not to deliver on campaign promises that upset their financiers from Wall Street and the Fortune 500.

Seriously, the Democrats are not so much inept or unorganized—as the frequent accusations from frustrated supporters would have it—as they are simply locked in an impossible contradiction: The companies that fund their pricey TV-ad-driven political campaigns have a completely different agenda than the actual Americans who vote for them.

Case in point: The healthcare reform debacle this past fall highlighted that, when it comes to any progressive legislation that would favor Americans over corporations, the Democrats are simply unable and unwilling to deliver. They fear the bite of Big Business more than the bark of the vox populi. Forget filibusters; this is about who is paying whom in a form of legitimized bribery.

That the Democrats now blame Massachusetts voters for spoiling their lock on Congress—even though they hadn't been able to do much with it—is thus ironic.

Of course, the voters get their punches in. Witness the recent creaming of the President in Massachusetts, where dispirited liberals allowed Republican Brown to clock the Dems with a stiff right, and the tea bagger triumphantly entered the Senate. Yet even though Obama's opportunistic search for win-win solutions to our healthcare concerns and our larger economic problems is leading to a lose-lose outcome for the President and the country, he is only digging himself deeper into the "triangulation" hole that Bill Clinton so doggedly pursued.

The two issues that mattered in 2010's special elections thus far were the latest "jobless recovery" and Obama's plea to save healthcare reform, even though the latter didn't include anything really meaningful, such as a public option or a major expansion of Medicare.

It is significant that it was the voters of Massachusetts who have now derailed the Democrats' efforts to revamp the country's healthcare system, for these voters know the subject well. The federal proposal is based on their own state's model requiring people to obtain health insurance without the state doing anything to effectively control costs through an alternative to the private insurance corporations.

Lacking a public option, the cost of healthcare in Massachusetts, already the highest in the nation at the time of the plan's implementation, has spiraled upward. Services have been curtailed, and many, particularly younger people, feel they are being forced to sacrifice to pay for a system that doesn't work.

That the Democrats now blame Massachusetts voters for spoiling their lock on Congress—even though they hadn't been able to do much with it—is thus ironic. They sold out the voters to the healthcare profiteers, which makes our healthcare three times as expensive as any other country with a developed economy.

Too strong a statement? Consider: Last year a *New York Times*/CBS poll found 72% of Americans "supported a government-administered insurance plan—something like Medicare for those under 65—that would compete for customers with private insurers." Yet the party that supposedly speaks for the "little guy" couldn't even pass such a plan despite wielding majorities larger than the Republicans held for eight years of Bush misrule. Hell, even half of those identified as Republican said they would back such a public plan, as would three out of four independents!

This is similar to how, despite a massive outcry, the Democrats have stalled on delivering any meaningful financial reform more than a year since the megabanks' gambling drove us into a severe recession. One out of six Americans is now unemployed or underemployed, yet the President is only now calling for Congressional action to pump up the job market, as he noted in his 2010 State of the Union Address.

Unfortunately, in this speech, Obama also doubled down on his pandering, this time to ill-informed "deficit hawks" by proposing a federal spending freeze. Never mind that such a freeze would exempt the national security budgets, which have by far the most fat to trim and suck up the majority of our tax revenue. The real problem with this cynical move is that it is terrible economic policy at a time when so many Americans are hurting.

In fact, the President should be pushing in the opposite direction: a second major stimulus package. The first one helped, especially by preventing a total meltdown for the middle class, but as economics brainiacs like Paul Krugman and Robert Reich noted at the time, it was not large enough.

"The best and fastest way for government to prime the [economy's] pump is to help states and locales, which are now doing the opposite," wrote former Labor Secretary Reich after Obama's disappointing State of the Union Address. "They're laying off teachers, police officers, social workers, healthcare workers and many more who provide vital public services."

Funny thing, though: Obama is not that beholden to all those middle-class workers and the small-shop owners they support, despite the storyline that places them at the heart of the modern Democratic Party. He faces bigger bosses on Wall Street and K Street, and until their stranglehold on D.C. is weakened, it is hard to see when the Democrats can function as a true party of "hope" and "change."

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America* and his latest, *The Great American Stick-Up: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

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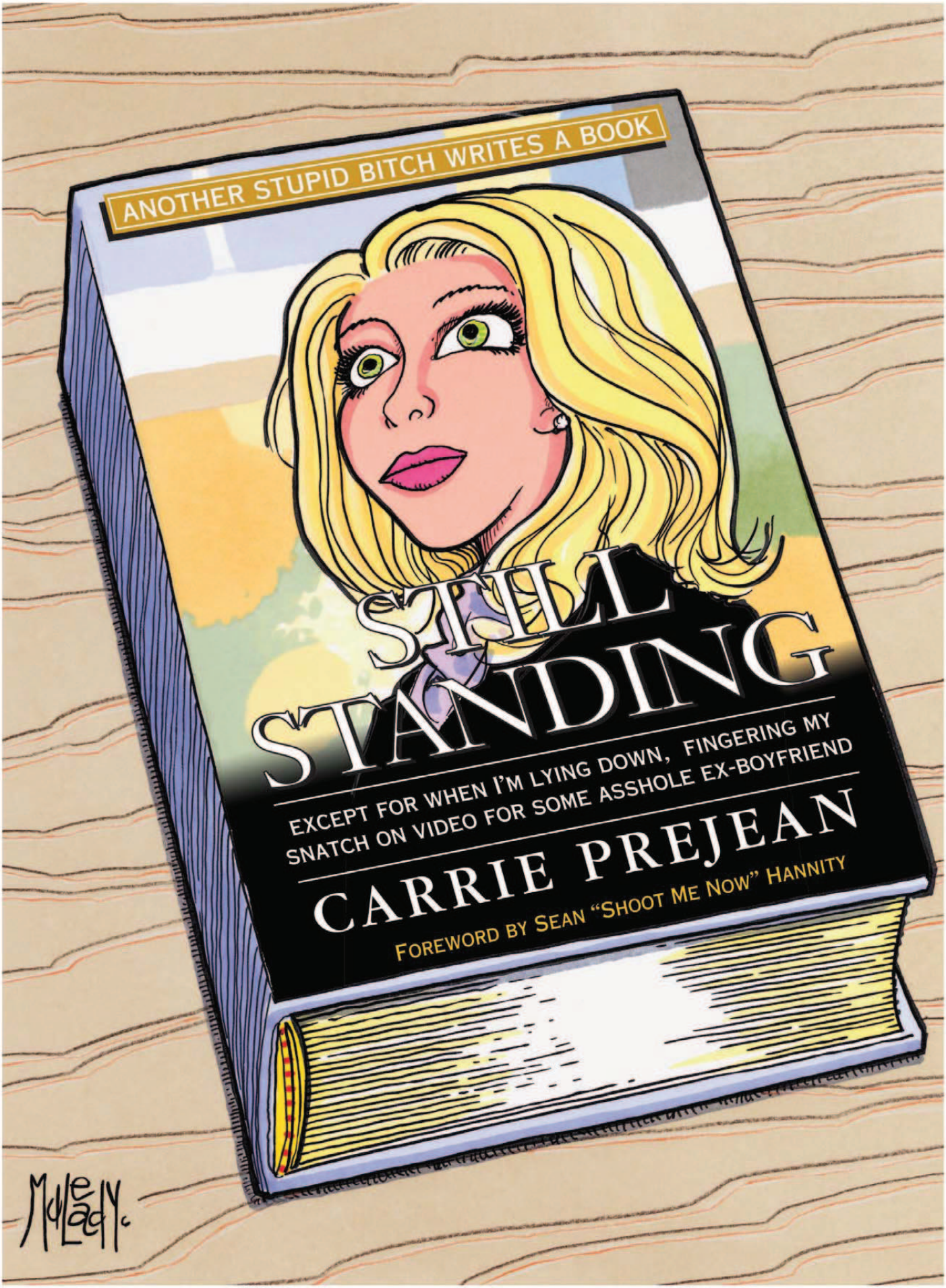
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IS GEORGE W. OBAMA LISTENING IN?

A FEDERAL JUDGE'S LANDMARK RULING UPHOLDS BIG BROTHER'S SURVEILLANCE OF OUR TELEPHONES AND COMPUTERS.

In a startling decision on January 21, 2010, Chief Judge Vaughn R. Walker of the United States District Court for the Northern District of California ruled that we Americans have no privacy rights in our telephone and e-mail communications whenever the federal government decides to spy on us for national-security reasons.

The judge dismissed a crucial case, *Jewel* v. *NSA*, that had been filed by the Electronic Frontier Foundation—the leading defender of Americans' digital rights—on behalf of five AT&T customers. The plaintiffs claimed that the telecommunications mammoth had given the private information on their telephones and e-mails to the National Security Agency, the government's nonstop collector and data banker of Americans' electronic messages.

What recourse do citizens have when their government's executive branch, along with a complicit Congress, behaves as King George III did against the American colonies?

The EFF has appealed Chief Judge Walker's disembowelment of these AT&T customers' Fourth Amendment rights to the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, and eventually the U.S. Supreme Court will rule. The EFF is not giving up because the aim of this legal action, it explains, is to end "the NSA's dragnet surveillance of millions of ordinary Americans—and hold accountable the government officials who illegally authorize it."

At the very top of that accountability list are former President George W. Bush and his mirrorlike successor in these assaults on our rule of law, Barack Obama, whom I've come to describe as President George W. Obama.

During previous hearings on *Jewel* v. *NSA* before Chief Judge Walker, he seemed quite sympathetic to the EFF's argument, but now he has given the Obama Administration a greatly empowering historic authority to learn intimate details of our private lives and everything else.

See if you can understand Chief Judge Walker's slippery reasoning. Although the government obviously cannot deny the NSA's omnivorous spying on us, the five aggrieved AT&T customers, says the jurist, have no basis to claim "a particularized injury" despite whatever private information about them AT&T has given Big Brother NSA.

According to Chief Judge Walker, these plaintiffs have only a "generalized grievance" against the government, and that's not the basis for a lawsuit because, he continues, nearly everybody in this country has a telephone and a computer connected to the Internet. Huh?

Stunned, the EFF's senior staff attorney, Kevin Bankston, sums up what this upside-down decision is going to mean for all of us if it is eventually upheld by the High Court: "The alarming upshot of the decision is that, so long as the government spies on all Americans, the courts have no power to review or halt such mass surveillance even when it is flatly illegal and unconstitutional." This is only one of the reasons my next book's title will be *Is This America?*

Chief Judge Vaughn R. Walker had already been lavishly shredding our privacy rights. On June 3, 2009, he threw out a series of lawsuits by customers of not only AT&T but also other telecommunications companies charged by irate customers with tuning the NSA into their personal phone calls and e-mails.

At that time, Chief Judge Walker cited a law justifying this mass dismissal of such lawsuits. In 2008 the Democrat-controlled Congress passed the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Amendments Act, which declares no "civil action" lawsuit can be filed in any state or federal court against any entity [like AT&T] "for providing assistance to the intelligence community." Such lawsuits must be automatically dismissed if the U.S. Attorney General verifies that this surveillance was authorized by the government. You got to trust your rulers.

Characteristically, then-Senator Barack Obama of Illinois ardently pledged on the floor that he would filibuster such a glaringly unconstitutional law. But when ultimately tested, Obama voted for it.

The Electronic Frontier Foundation is also appealing that thunderclap of a court ruling. Says EFF Legal Director Cindy Cohn of the continuing 2008 FISA Act: "The retroactive immunity [for the telecommunication companies] takes away Americans' claims arising out of the First and Fourth Amendments; violates the federal government's separation of powers as established by the Constitution; and robs innocent telecom customers of their rights without due process of law."

What recourse do citizens have when their government's executive branch, along with a complicit Congress, behaves as King George III did against the American colonies? Benjamin Franklin warned of this grim possibility when he told a newly independent America right after the Constitution was signed: "We have a republic—if you can keep it."

How can we keep it? In a January 8, 1789, letter to Richard Price, Thomas Jefferson wrote: "It is to me a new and consolatory proof that whenever the people are well informed, they can be trusted with their own government [and] whenever things get so far wrong as to attract their notice, they may be relied on to set them to rights."

Would you say Americans are sufficiently well informed now that the Obama Administration is continuing the privacy-euthanizing legacy of the Bush-Cheney Administration? Will we act to restore our individual rights in this purportedly self-governing republic?

I didn't see any headlines or demonstrations in the streets when Chief Judge Walker encouraged the National Security Agency to keep tracking what we say on the phone and on the Internet. Did you know about it?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

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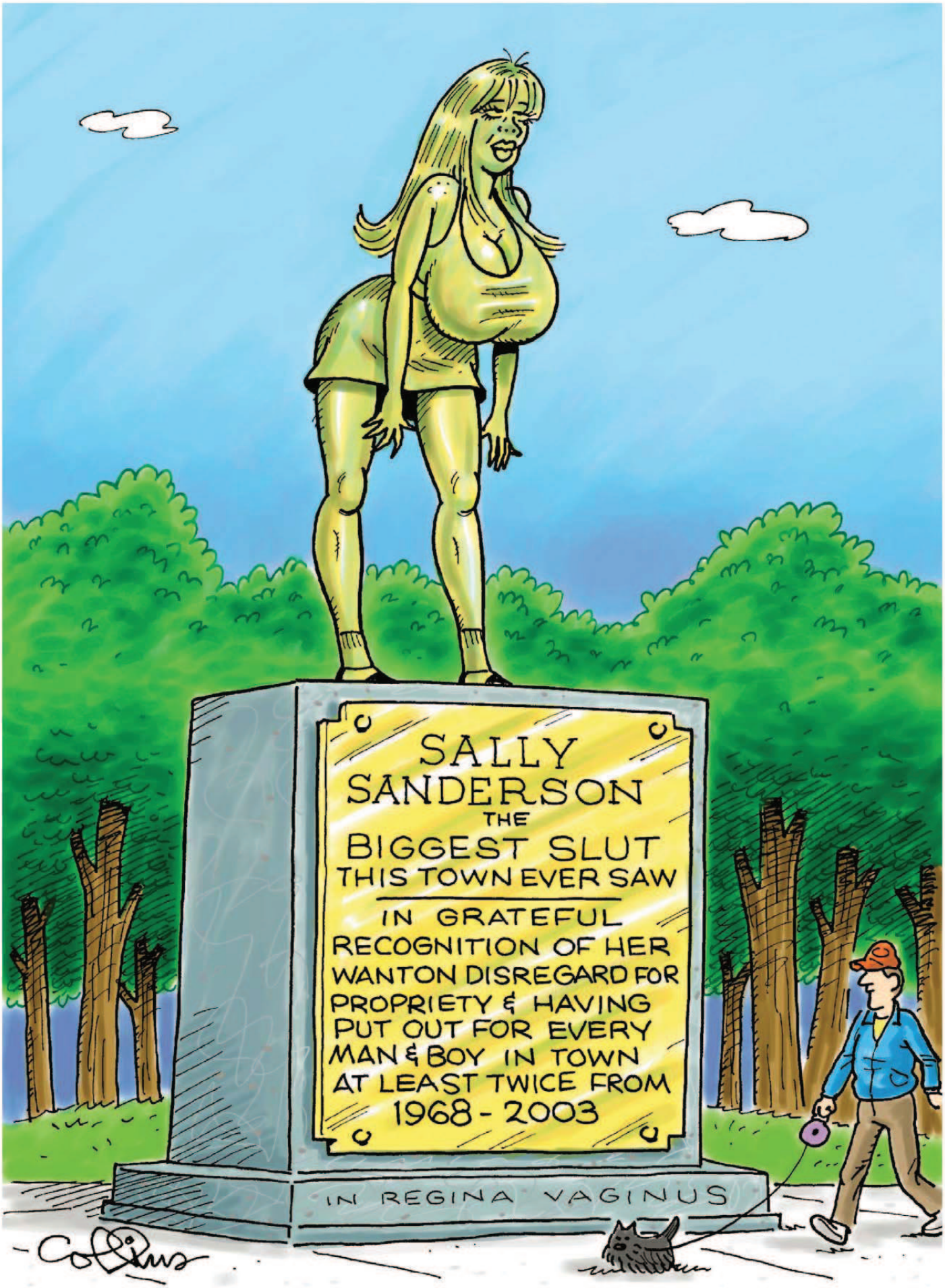

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COMIN' AT YA

3-D MOVIES ARE BACK AND BETTER THAN EVER. OR ARE THEY?

Technology has always fascinated me, but no technology has grabbed me more than 3-D.

Our two eyes allow us to see things from two different angles. When our brain puts those two images together, depth is perceived. When creating a 3-D movie, photo or comic book, you need to deliver two slightly different images of the same object to the appropriate eye. This is usually done with special glasses.

Remember the old red-and-green glasses used for comic books and some movies? In that system the red canceled out the red image while enhancing the green, and vice versa. Most 3-D glasses work on that basic concept.

Three-dimensional motion pictures have been around since 1890 (in an impractical form), and stereo photography goes back even farther. The first films requiring colored glasses were primarily shorts screened at world fairs and similar attractions—basically for their curiosity value. 3-D feature films didn't really gain speed until the early 1950s when movie theaters, threatened by the onslaught of television, looked for a way to fight back.

The craze was started by an insignificant independent producer and writer named Arch Oboler. He decided to make a movie, *Bwana Devil*, utilizing "Natural Vision" 3-D cameras, a system that had been, up until then, unsuccessfully flogged around Hollywood. Natural Vision achieved its effect by using two projectors while the viewer wore Polaroid glasses, which canceled out light waves in two directions. *Bwana Devil* was a smash, and the stampede, which included 3-D comics and magazines, was on.

The movies were not without problems. First, the incredible depth combined with objects coming out past the edge of the screen caused eyestrain as the viewer constantly changed focus. Next was synchronization. Because two synchronized projectors were needed, if either one went even a frame off, things got weird. God forbid either reel broke during projection. Stitching the film back together so it would retain sync was an arduous task. Worst of all was the lack of thought (and money) that went into making these pictures.

Rather than take great films and make them better, the studios decided to make crap. Most of the early 3-D releases were second-tier films. By the time they started producing great titles like *Dial M for Murder* and *Kiss Me Kate*, the fad had worn out. Most of those later 3-D films were shown flat, and by 1955 3-D had been relegated to the scrap heap of oddities.

A decade or so later a single-strip process was invented whereby both images were incorporated on one roll of film. Consequently, the resolution of a 35mm movie was cut in half, drastically reducing quality. This process was mainly used for hard- and soft-core porn flicks, the most notable being *The Stewardesses*, one of the highest-grossing sex films of all time. Andy Warhol also dabbled in 3-D, but for the most part 3-D movies were low-budget and cheesy.

In the 1980s IMAX revived 3-D with sensational results, and in the '90s James Cameron had a camera developed for him that was purely digital. He used it to film *Ghosts of the Abyss* for IMAX in 3-D. It may have been a test for the best 3-D movie of all time: Cameron's *Avatar*. This box office megahit is just one of the many new releases that have nurtured the latest 3-D craze. Most of these new 3-D films have been made as computer-animated features since they are the easiest to convert, having initially been created in a 3-D mode.

One of the biggest problems with the current processes is that the 3-D imagery isn't nearly as profound as it once was. It doesn't come out past the screen or go back deep enough because the effects have been watered down to eliminate viewers' headaches and eyestrain.

At a time when the movie industry has been in a downturn, 3-D has once again come to the rescue. Theaters charge around $4 more for 3-D films, and the cheap bastards don't even let you keep the glasses. They're sent back to the manufacturer, which cleans the specs before returning them to the theater.

Hollywood is bullish about its 3-D movies, and even TV manufacturers, especially Sony, are ready to roll out 3-D sets using Polarized glasses. In lockstep, Discovery and ESPN have announced the creation of 3-D channels. Even so, I wonder if 3-D will remain a limited-use process relegated to animation and big-budget features. I doubt it would be suited to a film like *The Wrestler*.

I've seen enough cartoons. Bring on 3-D porn!

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting as a teenager, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.

A LAWYER'S STRATEGY
I WAS BLINDFOLDED, AND AT FIRST I COULDN'T TELL I WAS BEING RAPED. I COULD BARELY FEEL HIS PENIS.
OH, YOU FELT IT, BITCH!!!

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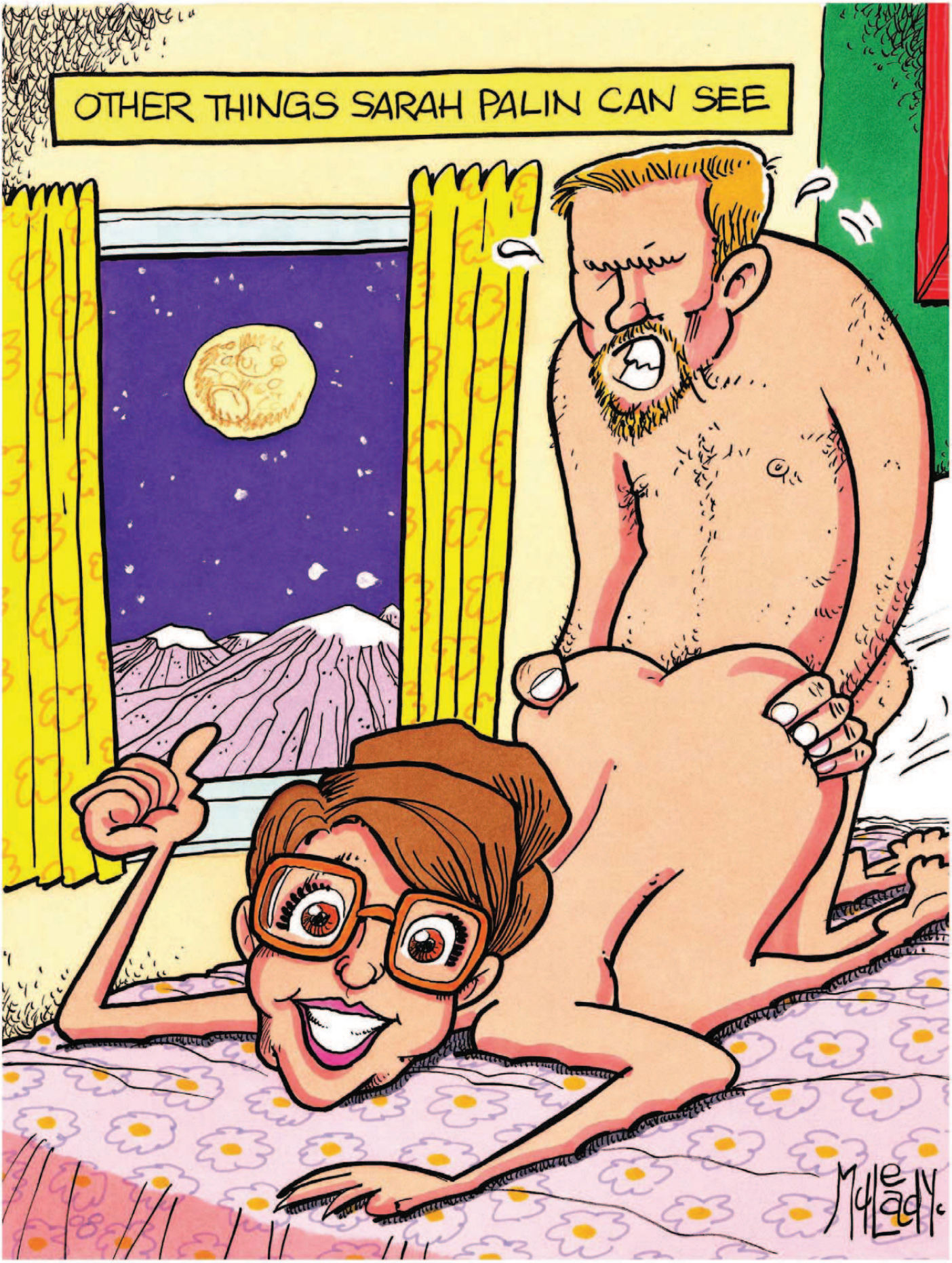

"Hey, Todd, I can see the moon! I must be an astronaut!"

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BASEBALL EXPLAINED

OUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR GIVES US A BEHIND-THE-SCENES LOOK AT THE GRAND OLD GAME.

I've loved baseball ever since my father took me to see Joe DiMaggio in Chicago. In 1962 I became a baseball lover of a different kind by dating Bo Belinsky. Handsome and flamboyant, Bo had just signed to play for Gene Autry's brand-new Los Angeles Angels. He pitched a no-hitter that same year, becoming as famous for that as for almost marrying me.

Bo called a press conference on April Fools' Day to announce our engagement; by Halloween we had broken it off. Still, Bo was a lot of fun when he wasn't angling for publicity. We often went out with his teammate, Dean Chance, a Cy Young Award winner. Together we cut a wide swath through Hollywood or New York or whatever town the Angels were playing in.

After Bo and I broke up, I married Lee Meyers, another Angels pitcher. Lee was 19 years old when we married. I knew it was a mistake as soon as I said "I do." Lee was a talented pitcher, but, like Bo, he took his talent for granted. He was doomed to a short career in the major leagues, followed by a stint in the minors, where his career fizzled out. The year after I divorced him, Lee died in a car crash a few miles from where he grew up in Huntington Beach, California.

I've been fortunate enough to see the great American pastime up close and behind the scenes, at its most interesting and unpleasant. I have seen the jealousies of major leaguers, both on and off the field, and witnessed the sadness and frustration of players trapped in the minors, hoping against hope for a chance at "The Show." I have seen players use nicotine, alcohol, pot and cocaine in an attempt to enhance their abilities or ease their disappointments.

Major League Baseball (or MLB, as it's known on Twitter) tries to hide the sport's more sordid aspects. MLB portrays itself as wholesome, family-friendly entertainment. In fact, it's a hidebound, reactionary organization more concerned with TV ratings and gate receipts than baseball as a sport. Why else would it be so late in reacting to longstanding rumors of steroid use?

The horror with which steroid use is now viewed by MLB officials and the press (not to mention Congress) indicates either stupidity or blatant hypocrisy. Can beat reporters, who practically live with a team during the season, *really* not have heard the jokes or seen the players injecting each other with dianabol or rubbing hormone creams on their asses? Weren't they gleefully reporting the great Mark McGuire and Sammy Sosa home run duel of 1998?

And please stop exclaiming that players who have used steroids should be banned from baseball. Does it really make sense to keep 'roided-out ballplayers from making a living when we bail out the scumbag bankers who tanked the world economy?

Purists piss and moan over the corruption, but they are thinking of a baseball that never existed. Baseball, for most of us out in the seats, is not about being pure. It is about scoring runs and eating hot dogs and cotton candy, and pitching duels and spilling your beer while cheering for a game-winning hit.

Baseball gives me a good feeling, and I suspect it does the same for you. When spring training comes, you know that flowers will soon be blooming and summer is on the way. Then, late in the dog days of August, that unmistakable whiff of autumn lets you know the Fall Classic is just around the corner.

I attended an Angels old-timers game in Anaheim some years ago, escorting Bo Belinsky to the mound. He was then secretly ailing with the cancer—brought on by chain smoking and booze—that would eventually kill him. Back in the dugout while Bo pitched, Gene Autry said to me, "You know, Mamie, Bo could have really been great, but he fucked his career away." I thought about how Bo and I had spent our time in bed—gloriously for the most part—and wondered how much Gene was really talking about that.

"I know," I said.

If Bo's career was short, our affair was shorter. Bo had plenty of personal demons that had nothing to do with me, not the least of which was a fear of success. And there were plenty of ways for him to ease the pain.

If Bo were playing today, it's a pretty good bet he would be juicing up with the rest of them. Professional baseball is like that. Beneath the surface it's a kid's game played by men. And a man's game played by boys at heart.

Mamie is still an avid Angels fan and watches nearly every game they play. For a breathtaking photo gallery and much more, visit **MamieVanDoren.com**.

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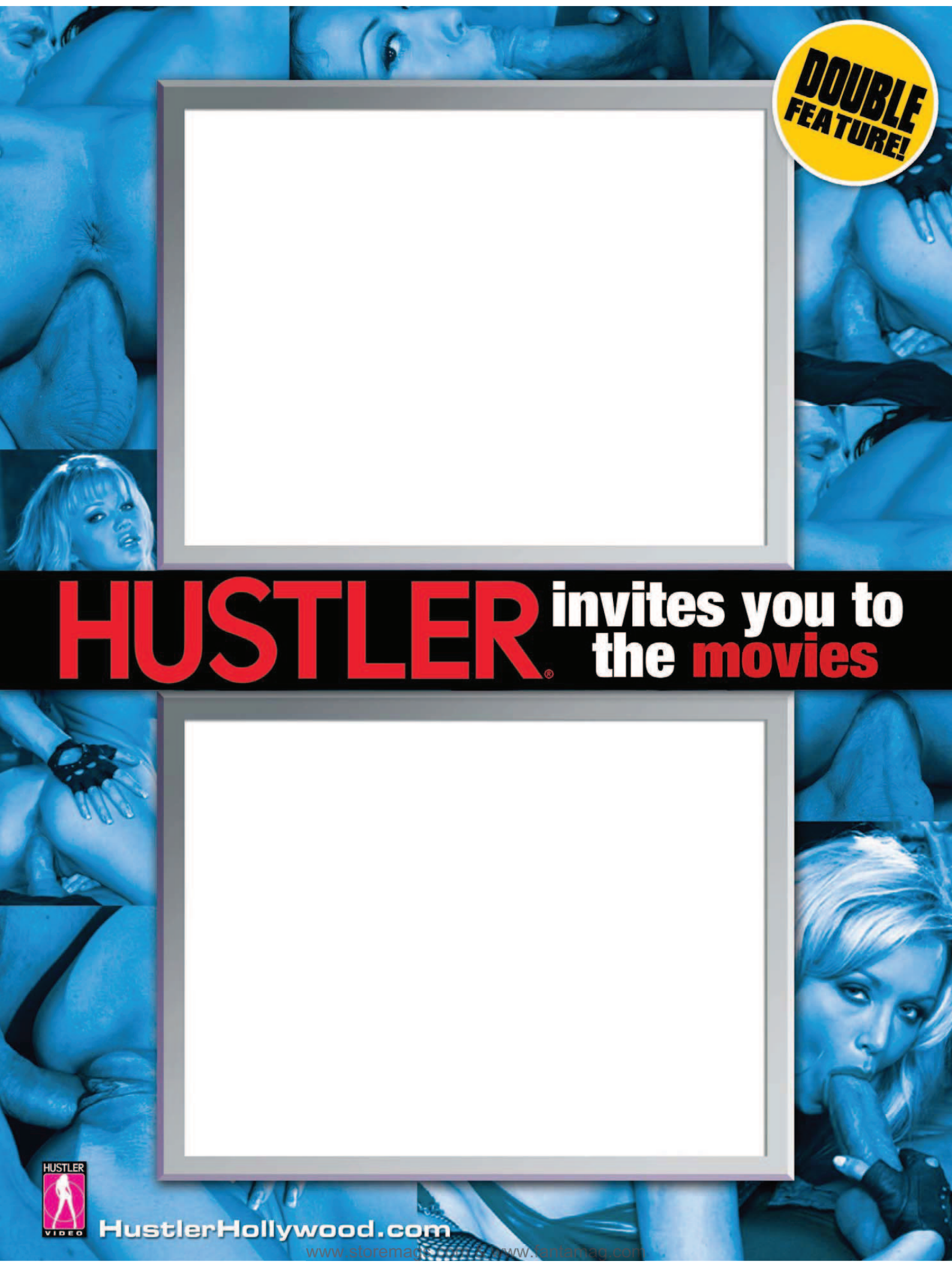

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Red State Blues

I love your magazine. In a state dominated by Republican hate, lies and greed, it's nice to be able to read an unapologetic magazine that calls those assholes on all their bullshit.

I also love the hidden history stuff you guys have been publishing lately, like Benjamin Franklin's writings about older women [January '09] and your story on the attempted overthrow of FDR [August '06]. That's great stuff we don't learn from the sanitized history taught in school.

One more thing: I saw *Avatar* in 3-D and thought it was awesome. Do you have a parody film or photo-shoot in the works? I'd love to see the Na'vi heroine with her finger in her ass and her blue pussy spread nice and wide. Don't forget the tail! **—Sammy F.**
Floresville, Texas

Watch for our upcoming XXX parody of *Avatar* in 3-D!

Take My Wife

Fantastic article on cuckolding in the January '10 issue! [*Cuckolding: It's the Latest Rage!*] I was very relieved to find out I wasn't the only husband encouraging his wife to have sex with other guys.

I went into the relationship with my eyes wide open, knowing I wasn't the only one enjoying my future wife's 19-year-old body. When we tied the knot in Las Vegas, I watched my bride—wearing only her wedding band—fuck and suck two guys she'd met at the craps table.

Like the woman in your article, my wife has become addicted to dark meat. The contrast of a large black cock going in and out of her sweet white openings really gets my juices flowing. Her black master for the past year has been more than willing to take care of her cravings by taking her to parties, men's rest rooms and his buddies' houses for some more-the-merrier activities.

After a long weekend away she returns with a glazed look of satisfaction on her face—and usually has my dick in her hand as she describes her experiences.

Your article also gave my lady a couple of new ideas. She recently revealed a tattoo in one-inch lettering across her lower back that reads "BLACKS ONLY." Now I know her love of black cock is not a passing phase.

When we discussed starting a family, she informed me that I wasn't one of the choices for the father. With her birth-control pills deposited in the trash and the date of ovulation this weekend, her black boyfriend guarantees her fertile little body will get plenty of attention from him and his friends.

The adventures of this cuckold—and his hot wife—are definitely to be continued! **—James Shay**
Orland Hills, Illinois

Room to Grow

I have been a loyal customer of HUSTLER since I was in the service more than 20 years ago. I've noticed that in recent years all the women in your magazine have been shaved of their pubic hair. Not all men care for that.

The December '09 issue offered at least a glimmer of hope with Alexis Amore's cute little triangle patch. If it weren't for your classic layouts, HUSTLER would be a barren landscape!

Many of us would like to see beautiful, bushy women. If you could show us nature's bounty at least a couple of times a year, we'd be grateful. **—Joaquin Rios**
Austin, Texas

Start Staring

To HUSTLER's psychic Editorial Director Bruce David: You probably already knew, using your powers, that I was going to write you this note. Your piece on the Silva Method [*How I Became Psychic*, February '10] was fascinating. It recalled memories of our shared experiences three decades ago. [This letter writer once worked for HUSTLER.]

I am a skeptic about many things—mostly about claims made by Republicans and religious nuts—but I also believe that the untapped capacities of the human mind are boundless. I have no doubt that you've tapped those powers. If you had stayed in the Air Force, you might have been one of those guys killing goats in the recent George Clooney movie!

—Lee Quarnstrom
Los Angeles, California

In the interest of correcting an oversight in our most recent All Sex Issue, here's another look at lovely Portland stripper Ginseng. We neglected to duly credit this photo and three others by photographer London Lunoux. Our humble apologies!

Fooled Again

Larry, I think you voted for Obama, and although I didn't, I did think it would be good for the country to have a black man in the White House. It has turned out to be a disaster. I can tell by your editorials that you are getting to feel the same way.

Nothing he has done has been good for this great country of ours. He has just about bankrupted the country with his out-of-control spending. And these so-called czars he has gathered around him have turned out to be a bunch of shitheads and as near to Communists as can be.

We have to see to it that this man and his Chicago thugs have only one term so he does no more damage. **—Charles Shlimbaum**
Stuart, Florida

We agree that there are plenty of reasons to be angry at President Obama, but you may want to look up the definition of *Communist*. As for spending, don't forget that the Bush Administration turned a record surplus into a record deficit. Handing the country back to the Republicans would be national suicide.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

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Senator Scott Brown:
(R-MA)

WE ACCEPT YOUR OFFER!

In the spirit of bipartisanship, HUSTLER writer K.K. Le Roque gladly accepts the offer you made during your acceptance speech. But only for the tall, hot brunette, Ayla. Not the dog-faced blonde.

K.K. Le Roque enjoys Mexican food, anal (probably shouldn't tell you that) and long walks on the beach. Actually, he lives there. Not near the beach, but on it. Yeah, he's been "temporarily" homeless for about a year and a half now. Oh, and that rash is finally gone. Still not sure what it was, but it's gone. He's more than happy to do…we mean date…Ayla.

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. It is political commentary on how we would jump at the chance to date the generous senator's hot daughter. After all, he offered. To be honest, we'd be willing to date the ugly one too. For more info check out Scott Brown's acceptance speech online. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for non-profit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

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GLENN BECK

Is he insane, stupid or just a clever cynic manipulating the public in pursuit of a buck? We think that Glenn Beck, who hosts a syndicated radio talk show and a televised counterpart on Fox News, is all three. Whatever the case, Beck is certainly an ugly, misshapen blob who spews out hate and misinformation that's poisoning how Americans think and thereby weakening our country.

Still, we can't help but pity Beck. There's good reason for his twisted, corrosive mind-set. The poor guy's childhood was a nightmare: His parents divorced when he was 13, his mother drowned in a boating accident two years later, and his stepbrother committed suicide. The Internet paints an even worse picture, but we choose not to go there and pray, for Beck's sake, that the rumors aren't true.

Considering his background, it's no wonder that Beck is a mess of putrid contradictions and noxious bile. But a person like that should be given medical and psychological assistance. Instead, he's been elevated to one of the highest rungs of our consumer-driven society: media star. What is it about Americans that makes so many flock to freaks? And how different is it from the Roman Empire's bread and circuses?

That figure of speech refers to Roman rulers providing the masses food and entertainment, namely the bloody spectacles that took place in the Colosseum. And while Beck isn't feeding Christians to the lions, there's plenty of spectacle on his nightly show, as gleaned from the following quotes:

- "I'm thinking of killing Michael Moore, and I'm wondering if I could kill him myself, or if I could hire somebody to do it…no, I think I could. I think he could be looking me in the eye, you know, and I could just be choking the life out of him. Is that wrong?"
- "The only [Hurricane Katrina victims] we're seeing on television are the scumbags."
- "You know, we all have our inner demons—I, for one. I can't speak for you, but I'm on the verge of moral collapse at any time. It can happen by the end of the show."

And that's why America watches! We're waiting to see what Beck will do or say next. We're waiting to see if he will, in fact, collapse right before our eyes. Or if, given his family history, he'll commit suicide on camera. It's a freak show that's earned Beck a reported $50 million! He has actually made his diagnosed attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder pay off!

The problem is that the Asshole's loyal viewers believe the outlandish things Beck says. Consider his insane quote that President Obama has "a deep-seated hatred for white people or the white culture...I believe this guy is a racist."

There are two things wrong with that statement: Beck has absolutely no evidence to support the claim, and it inflames the gullible who are looking for an excuse—any excuse—to reject this nation's first African-American President. Rather than discuss the issues intelligently, Beck steers his audience toward their own bigoted preconceptions.

Here's another Beck bauble: "Al Gore's not going to be rounding up Jews and exterminating them. It's the same tactic, however. The goal is different. The goal is globalization. And you must silence all dissenting voices. That's what Hitler did. That's what Al Gore, the U.N. and everybody on the global-warming bandwagon [are doing]."

There are a number of problems with the foregoing statement. First, Beck smears Gore by tying him to Hitler, a cheap tactic with no credible backup. Next, he contends that Gore—like the Nazi dictator—is trying to silence dissenting voices. This would only be true if you felt making a strong, forceful argument based on science, facts and logic were somehow unfair because it silenced critics who could not back up their own position with science, facts and logic.

Finally, Beck ties global warming to globalization when the only thing those two notions have in common are the six letters that spell *global*. Global warming is a worldwide problem that could destroy us all. On the other hand, globalization is an attempt to create a single world government controlled by corporations. That latter idea, by the way, is embraced wholeheartedly by Beck and his fellow right-wingers, who support so-called free trade.

Does Beck see the contradictions in his assertions? He bellows, for example, "I consider myself a libertarian. I'm a conservative, but every day that goes by, I'm fighting for individual rights."

If you're a libertarian conservative, you oppose regulating corporations even if they are detrimental to individuals. Ipso facto, the two concepts—being a right-wing libertarian and supporting individual rights—are incompatible.

One has to wonder what's going on inside Beck's excuse for a brain. It's easy to imagine a whole lot of screaming, probably between his ego and his logic center. As for his libido, that's probably curled up in the fetal position, sucking on its thumb. You know the guy is pussywhipped, right?

By Beck's own admission, his second wife, Tania, rules the roost. Apparently she's the reason the blowhard became a Mormon: "My wife is, like, hot, and she wouldn't have sex with me until we got married, and she wouldn't marry me unless we had a religion." Of course, Beck already had one: Catholicism. Guess that wasn't good enough for the missus. Tania had to find something that came with magic underwear for the hubby.

Of course, there's another way of looking at Beck's conversion: Three days after being baptized, the out-of-work disc jockey entered talk radio for the first time, launching *The Glenn Beck Program* at a Tampa, Florida, station. Cynics say it was the result of the powerful Mormon Church exerting its influence.

One last thing, Tania: Your husband prayed that Democratic congressman Dennis Kucinich would burst into flames. We pray that you kill your husband in his sleep.

FARTS IN THE WIND

ANDREW BREITBART has been a *Washington Times* columnist and Fox News yapper, but it takes more than that to cut it as a Fart in the Wind. So we'll point out that when Senator Ted Kennedy died, the Tea Party booster reportedly posted a string of Twitter messages calling the lawmaker a "villain," a "prick" and a "duplicitous bastard." But talk about calling the kettle black! One of Breitbart's Web sites posted James E. O'Keefe's undercover videos that depicted a supposed prostitute seeking illegal advice from staffers of ACORN. Congress later slashed its funding to the progressive organization. ACORN has since filed suit against O'Keefe and Breitbart.com for allegedly violating two different states' recording statutes. Finally, Breitbart rushed to O'Keefe's defense when the video prankster found himself in more hot water. The FBI accused O'Keefe and three accomplices of attempting to tamper with the phone lines of Senator Mary Landrieu (D-Louisiana). Apparently, O'Keefe was working in some capacity for Breitbart—a certified Fart in the Wind, as well as a villain, prick and duplicitous bastard.

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GEE, WHAT SHOULD I DO HERE? SHOULD I STICK IT OR SHOULD I LICK IT?
WINNERS
THE BIGGEST KNOCK AGAINST OBAMA IS THAT HE HAS A PROBLEM MAKING BIG DECISIONS.

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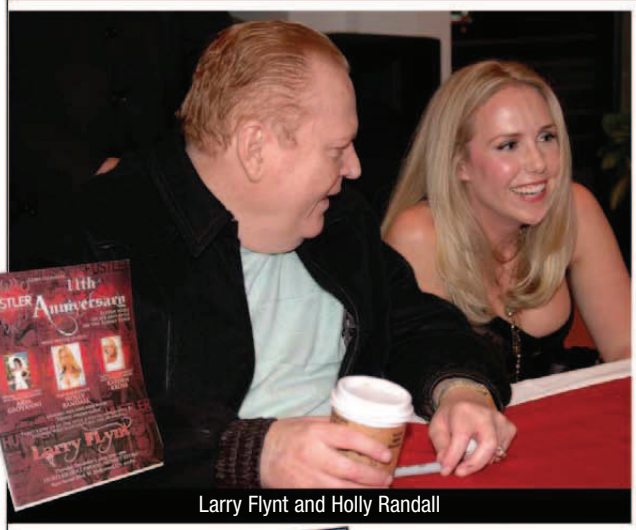
PHOTOS BY RICH STEPHENS

Larry's ladies: Theresa Flynt, Aria Giovanni, Suze Randall, Kayden Kross and Holly Randall (seated)

THIS ONE GOES TO 11!

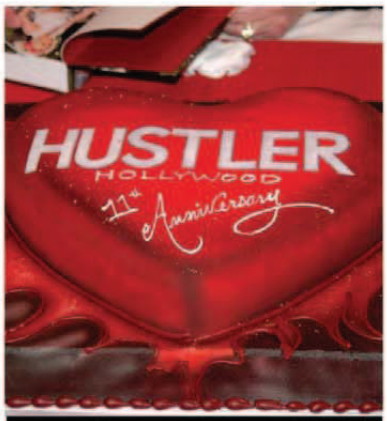
To celebrate its 11th anniversary on L.A.'s Sunset Strip, HUSTLER Hollywood threw one helluva party. On hand for the festivities were photographers Suze and Holly Randall, porn stars Kayden Kross and Aria Giovanni, first daughter Theresa Flynt and the man who started it all: Larry Flynt.

Remember, with locations around the world, HUSTLER Hollywood is *the* place for sexy lingerie, XXX videos and much more.



Larry Flynt and Holly Randall

Kayden Kross and Aria Giovanni



Mmm...

THE POWER OF THE PRESIDENCY

President Barack Obama is a hero to millions of people, so we guess it makes sense that he has now inspired a comic book. *Barack the Barbarian* depicts a buff version of our country's leader battling an army of evil enemies who bear a striking resemblance to Dick Cheney, Hillary Clinton and a barely dressed Sarah Palin.

Pick up *Barack the Barbarian* at your local comic book retailer or online at **DevilsDueStore.com**.

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER

HUSTLER is hot! Just ask Las Vegas magician Seth Grabel. Check out more of the amazing illusionist's sleight of hand at **SethGrabel.com**. Note: It's not trick photography; it's magic!

"I'm a practicing heterosexual, but bisexuality immediately doubles your chances for a date on Saturday night."—WOODY ALLEN, FILMMAKER

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CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Janice Dickinson* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Some people say that onetime supermodel Janice Dickinson isn't as stunning as she used to be. But we've fixed that. See, with a little Photoshop she's more beautiful than ever.

DISCLAIMER. Parody: No such picture of Janice Dickinson actually exists. If it does, we haven't been able to get our hands on it. Our lawyers want to make that very clear. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

"As the French say, there are three sexes: men, women and clergymen."—*SYDNEY SMITH, CLERGYMAN*

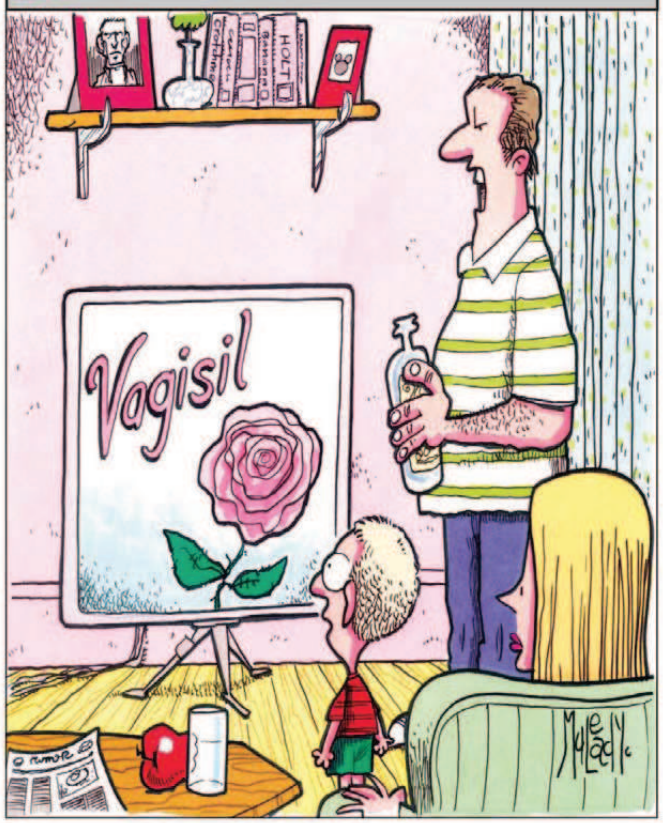
PIECE OF SHIT AWARD #4

TIMOTHY GEITHNER

Leaked e-mails show that when Tim Geithner headed the New York Federal Reserve, his people told bailout recipient AIG to withhold from securities regulators "key details" about its use of the $180 billion in rescue funds. Now, as U.S. Treasury secretary, Geithner is blocking the release of new information related to this case. What is he hiding?

The latest scandal fits a pattern of secret dealings and insider shenanigans by Wall Street lapdog Geithner, who is obviously working for the bankers and shafting American taxpayers. We will continue to award Geithner a turd a month until he resigns or is fired.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"IT'S A PRODUCT THAT TAKES THE GOD - AWFUL, DEAD-FISH STENCH OUT OF A WOMAN'S PUSSY, SO GUYS CAN STAND SHOVING THEIR FACES IN THEIR GIRLFRIENDS' CUNTS TO DO SOME MUFF-DIVING."

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NEWSBITES

Blue Movie

The box office smash *Avatar* features a whole lot of action. Sadly, it wasn't the kind we're looking for. So imagine how excited we were to learn that the film's DVD version would include an alien sex scene. Director James Cameron claims the steamy footage was cut out of the theatrical version of *Avatar* to save something special for the DVD release. But don't get too excited. The aliens mate by locking their hair, not bumping blue uglies.

Milk Dud

A male student in Sweden sure had some strange theory about lactation. Convinced that men's breasts could produce milk, the 26-year-old goofball vowed to pump his nipples for three hours a day for up to three months. He quit after only a few weeks, admitting that it couldn't be done. The lame-brained Swede should also admit that he is a jackass with sore man boobs.

Forgettable Fuck

A doctor recently interviewed on CNN caught our attention. He spoke of a syndrome called transient global amnesia, a temporary short-term memory loss that occurs when exertion—such as strenuous sexual activity—reduces blood flow to the brain. Some sufferers complain that after rough sex they can't remember if it was good or not. Now if we can only find a medical condition that gets our wives to forget about that waitress she caught us fucking.

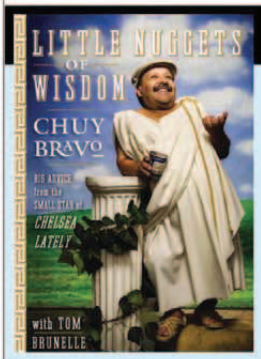
Oral Roberts Revival

Don't worry, this isn't a story about the dead preacher. It involves Father Joe Vetter, director of Duke University's Catholic Center, who sharply criticized a behavioral research team for soliciting coeds to gather info about their attitudes toward sex and the use of sexual paraphernalia—you know, dildos and vibrators. The irate priest said that he didn't think it was a good idea to encourage young women to just sit around and masturbate. We couldn't disagree more, Father Vetter. Amen.

PORN FROM THE PAST

Summer is here, and the time is right for…a full-fledged orgy! Thanks to J.S. of Rutland, Vermont, for this photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

HUSTLER Book Club



Say hello to our little friend! Long before Chuy Bravo became the sidekick on Chelsea Handler's cable-TV show and arguably the most famous little person since Billy Barty, he was a HUSTLER *Bits & Pieces* model. Now that Bravo has hit the big time, he's done what all TV stars do: write a book. *Little Nuggets of Wisdom* is full of short, sarcastic stories from Chuy's funny mind, as well as contributions from *Chelsea Lately* writer Tom Brunelle.

Little Nuggets of Wisdom by Chuy Bravo with Tom Brunelle is available at bookstores now.

SO YOU WANT TO BE A BEAUTY QUEEN?
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AMERICA'S FUNNIEST HUMOR MAGAZINE

JUST HUMOR US

HUSTLER HUMOR is like *Mad* magazine for adults: It's jam-packed with dirty jokes and crass cartoons. But you'll probably want to buy the latest issue just for the cover, which features the super-sexy (and obviously crazy) Carrie Prejean. Pick up HUSTLER HUMOR today!

"If it wasn't for pickpockets and frisking at airports, I'd have no sex life at all." —RODNEY DANGERFIELD, COMIC

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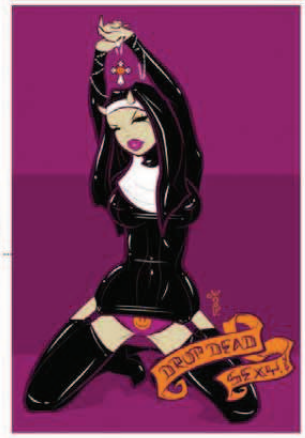

CARTOON CHICKS THAT KICK ASS

Welcome to the devilishly sexy world of Los Angeles artist Mark Wasyl. Blending classic Vargas-style pinups with Coop's tattooed rock 'n' roll hotties, Wasyl has churned out a gallery of arousing, curvy babes. And yes, since you're probably wondering, it's okay to masturbate to cartoons. Except SpongeBob. Then it's wrong. To see more, check out **DropDeadSexy.net**.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

American Apparel is no stranger to sexually suggestive advertising. Its latest campaign heats things up a notch by featuring red-hot porn star Faye Reagan in several suggestive poses. We thank the clothing manufacturer for this month's found porn.

Faye Reagan at her day job

"It isn't premarital sex if you have no intention of getting married." —*MATT BARRY, HUMORIST*

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IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY C. LIGHTFOOT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

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CONNY

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I have several passions in my life," hot-as-hell **Conny** reveals. "But sex and cooking are tied for the top spot. They say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and believe me, that is somewhat true. I have seduced many a man with my to-die-for roast pork and dumplings, which I serve wearing nothing but a smile."

But **Conny** doesn't just cook in the kitchen. "I like to get things smoking in the bedroom as well," she continues. "I've been known to mix food with sex on several occasions. A little whipped cream and chocolate sauce are always appreciated. I love licking it off a guy, and I can't wait for him to tongue me in return, with or without the whipped cream and chocolate. Oral sex makes me very hot."

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How hot? “When I’m being eaten by a guy who knows what he’s doing,” the Czech sweetie exults, “I really do lose myself. One time I was so into being eaten, I didn’t realize I had kicked over some candles. The curtains and bedspread caught on fire. If not for the smoke alarm going off, I wouldn’t have even noticed.”

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It seems **Conny** isn't content to merely get naked for bedmates and HUSTLER readers: "I'd like to have my own restaurant, but so many new ones fail. Even with great food, you still need a hook to attract customers. I would love to open a restaurant where they could watch me cooking in the nude. I think people would line up to eat at a place like that. I could call it **Conny**'s Coochina."

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CONNY'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Borsice, Czech Republic | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Sagittarius | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 115

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WILL MY BUTT VIRGIN EVER CAVE IN?

It had been a grueling day at the office, compounded by a helluva commute home. By the time I pulled into the driveway, I wasn't sure I could muster enough strength to drag my ass from the car to the house.

But then I walked through the front door, and there she was, dressed in her blue-and-gold cheerleading uniform from high school. My wife was bent over the dining room table, that tiny pleated skirt flipped up over white cotton panties stretched tight across her glorious butt. Wow! Long, shapely legs tapered down to ankle socks and saddle shoes.

My briefcase dropped to the floor with a thud. My fatigue vanished, instantly replaced by lust. Cupping Natalie's tush in both hands, I caressed and kneaded her firm ass flesh. In seconds my pecker was steel. I unzipped my pants with one hand, tugged her undies down with the other and caught sight of her virgin pink-brown rosebud. It glistened in the light.

My wife winked at me over her shoulder as she pointed toward the tube of anal lubricant on the table. "Go ahead, honey," she cooed. "I'm finally ready. I know how long you've been waiting."

I had been waiting for seven—no, almost eight—long years. Ever since we first started dating in high school, I'd been trying to take Natalie's butt cherry. Till this day she'd refused.

Now I was actually trembling as I coated my shooter with lube. Then I nudged it just outside her browneye and pushed. For a second it didn't seem possible that my fat prick could ever fit into that tiny asshole. But I kept up the pressure, and all of a sudden my dick cap was in her poop chute! Fuck, it was hot and so damn tight! I slipped a hand under my wife to play with her rigid clit as inch by inch my cock sank into her fine rump.

Finally, my nut sac touched her smooth butt cheeks. My pole was completely buried in her bunghole, and the way she worked her ass muscles, it felt like a fist, squeezing and releasing my shaft. I withdrew, then lunged hard and deep and…woke up to find myself humping the sheets.

My wife lay by my side, still dressed in her flannel nightgown, sleeping deeply, still an anal virgin. Shit! The alarm clock was set to go off in another 15 minutes, so I threw myself into the shower, jacked off and left for my daily grind at the insurance company.

But I simply could not get that dream out of my head. It had been so intensely vivid. Every detail was etched into my brain. When I closed my eyes, I could see Natalie's big, round ass cheeks pushing up into the air, hear her low, growling moans and feel her sphincters clenching around my rod.

I spent all morning hiding behind my desk with a throbbing boner, pretending to work on actuarial tables. At noon I locked my door and unzipped. My manic handjob lasted all of two minutes, and then I was spraying into a wad of tissues. Still, I couldn't stop thinking about Natalie's tight tush, so I pulled up a word-processing program and started typing up a hot letter, describing every nasty, sleazy detail of my dream. I figured, hell, if it was good enough, I might even send it in to HUSTLER Magazine. But come one o'clock I wasn't quite finished, and I had a meeting to attend. So I e-mailed the text home to my personal account, then deleted every word from the computer at work.

Three appointments and a traffic jam later, I had almost forgotten about the whole thing. I was looking forward to a brew and a football game on the tube. But then I walked through my front door and saw my laptop open on the kitchen counter, my erotic e-mail filling the screen.

I should have been mad—that was personal, dammit—and how the hell had Natalie guessed my password? But then my eyes drifted to the right, and there she was, dressed in her blue-and-gold cheerleading outfit, bent over the dining room table. White panties were stretched tight across that beautiful backside. My wife looked a little apprehensive. Still, she smiled bravely over her shoulder at me and held out a tube of butt grease. My briefcase dropped to the floor with a thud. **—E.B.**

Seattle, Washington

Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

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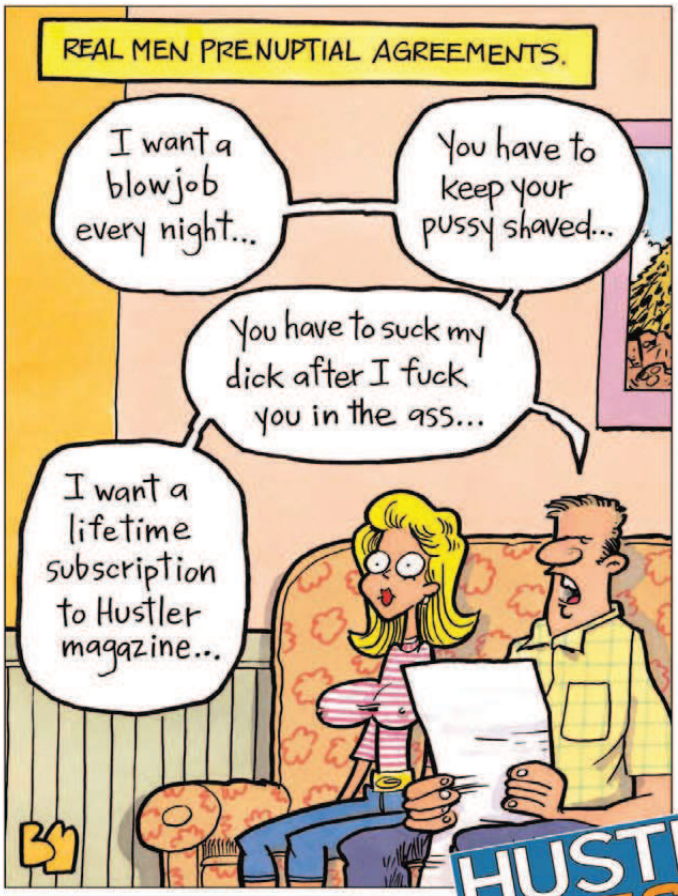
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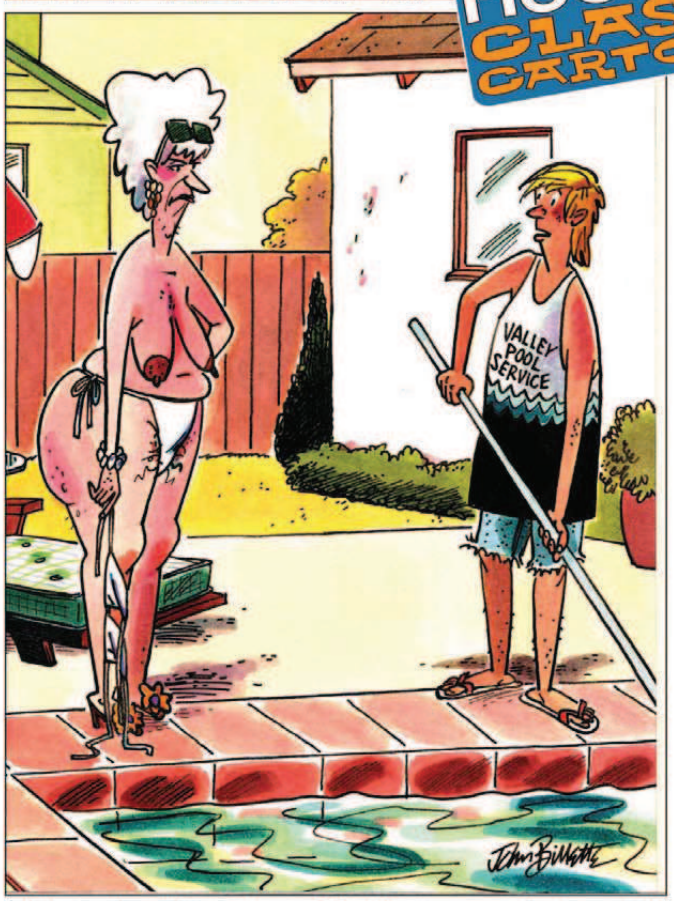
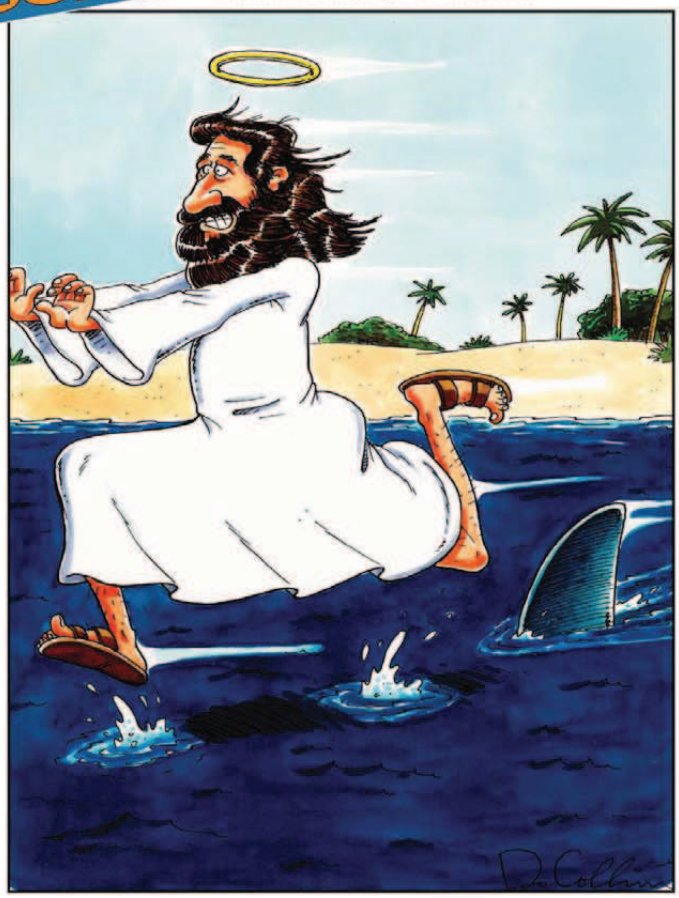


"No, ma'am, I'm not gay. I just have a weak stomach."



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INTERVIEW BY LARRY FLYNT

LARRY FLYNT IN CONVER WOODY HARR

A long run on the '80s sitcom *Cheers* made Woody Harrelson a household name, but the onetime Broadway understudy really picked up his game (and renown) with a flurry of hit movies. *Doc Hollywood* got the ball rolling, followed by showcase roles in *Indecent Proposal* and *Natural Born Killers.* The two-time Oscar nominee's latest successes include *2012*, *Zombieland* and the critically acclaimed *The Messenger*. Now the Texas-born actor, who portrayed our publisher in *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, hooks up with the man himself to discuss a variety of thought-provoking subjects. "I'll never stop opening my large, prominent mouth," Harrelson once told an interviewer. So what better a forum for two mutual admirers than HUSTLER Magazine?

LARRY FLYNT: You're on the north side of 40, and you've managed to accumulate quite a body of work.

WOODY HARRELSON: I'm just south of 50, so that was a generous way to put that—*north* of 40. Way north, up in the Yukon.

LF: Have you reached your pinnacle yet?

WH: I hope not. There are things I still have to do. Things I want to direct. I'm working on a screenplay. There's a lot of slapstick, but it's more of the Dudley Moore and Peter Sellers type of slapstick. I'm also working on a play with my buddy Frankie Hyman, whom I've known since we worked construction together in 1983. Both projects are about three-quarters finished. Then there's Peter Farrelly's book *The Comedy Writer*. I've got three-quarters of a good screenplay on that too.

LF: Regarding the characters you play, it seems you go from one extreme to the other.

WH: I was on *Cheers*, and it was a great job, but I couldn't get a movie. I thought for a while Woody Boyd would be the only character I'd ever get to play. So it's nice to be able to try different things.

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

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SATION WITH ELSON

HUSTLER'S PUBLISHER AND THE ACTOR/ACTIVIST DISCUSS MARIJUANA, SEX ADDICTION AND THE BEAST THAT THREATENS HUMANITY.

LF: When we first met, you were extremely active in a number of causes: hemp, marijuana legalization, pollution. Are you still as active?

WH: I've slowed down a lot. For one thing I didn't feel I was being very effective. I was involved in trying to make hemp legal. Hemp is what they used to use to make, say, paper or clothing. You can use it with building products, paints. There are a lot of different applications. The hemp thing is about sustainability, which is the whole problem with our economy right now: It's not sustainable.

LF: A recent study from the chief climate adviser to the German government claims that, among other things, the United States has to reduce its carbon footprint 100% by 2020 to avoid a climate disaster. That's really grim.

WH: Yeah, it's a grim situation, and it's because of all these industries that control everything. I call them "the Beast." They control the economy; they control the body politic; they control everything from the way things get made to human rights abuses. All of it can be funneled right back to the various arms and legs of the Beast. So it behooves us to become a sustainable economy and to get out from under the Beast.

LF: You believe marijuana should be legalized.

WH: I don't consider myself a marijuana activist, although people say I am. That's an insult to the people that are on the front lines fighting to get it legalized.

LF: You once explained to me the difference between hemp and marijuana. You said you would have to smoke a joint of hemp the size of a telephone pole to get high.

WH: Yeah, hemp doesn't have the same THC value. Hemp is not marijuana. The government insisted farmers grow hemp during World War II because you can use it for sails and rope and different things. Because trees are being cut down for paper, I joined in this battle to stop [loggers] from cutting 6 million acres of forest in Montana. That's when I started to look at the root of the problem: the way our society and our economy has been formed around all these industries that are raping Mother Earth.

Congressmen aren't really interested in trying to change that. I've met a lot of congressmen who were pretty cool, but they just seem to be businessmen working for bigger businessmen. What motive do they have to get hemp legalized? They look at it as a dead issue, a politically dangerous issue.

LF: Hemp used to be legal. Why was it outlawed?

WH: Until the late 1800s between 75% and 90% of the world's paper was made from hemp. In 1937, marijuana became illegal; a year later, nylon was patented by DuPont. I

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think that DuPont, along with the big newspaper magnate William Randolph Hearst, teamed up to wage a yellow journalism campaign against hemp. They said Mexicans and black men were smoking marijuana and raping white women. It was a very racist campaign. It was really a way to stop one of the most versatile plants there is. Hemp has 25,000 different uses.

LF: As part of your activism you scaled the Golden Gate Bridge. I was taking bets you'd fall.

WH: We had good equipment. It was pretty high up. We were protesting the logging of the ancient redwoods in northern California. Ironically, the cops thought I was the leader. They radioed up to someone and said for me to get on the radio and talk to them. I said, "I've got to get this banner deployed." And they said, "Well, if you don't talk to us, we're going to shut down another lane." They had already shut down one lane. I said, "Do what you got to do; I got to do what I got to do."

I should have gotten on the horn immediately because when they shut down the second lane, it became all about the traffic. I said later that people couldn't see the trees for the traffic.

LF: Do your politics influence your choice of roles?

WH: I don't look for big message movies.

LF: Sam Goldwyn, the famous studio owner, once quipped, "If you want to send a message, use Western Union."

WH: That's funny, man.

LF: You're a vegan. How did that come to pass?

WH: When I was 23, 24, I used to have a really bad runny nose, mucus, tons of acne, reddishness all over. A woman on a bus I took looked at me and said I was lactose intolerant: "Stop dairy for three days, and all this is going to go away." I stopped dairy, and sure enough it was gone three days later, never to return except when I get dairy accidentally.

LF: I've met a lot of great people through you. I couldn't help but ask them my favorite question: "Have you become a vegan?" All of their responses were the same. They said, "Woody's working very hard to make it happen."

WH: Yeah, those are hard cases.

LF: Willie Nelson told me, "I just don't want to give up my bacon and eggs."

WH: I went off the other day about dairy because I was talking to a guy who was quite sick and congested. I don't usually try to lecture people, except he was a guy who always helps Willie clean up after [card] games or whatever. He'd already gone through chemo and shit. I wasn't going to try to talk him out of meat or anything else—just dairy. And Willie happened to walk in the room. So after listening to me a minute, boy, I mean Willie couldn't stop talking about it afterward—how I was trying to talk his guy out of his cheese, his pizza. It was really funny. Dairy is a big part of the food fabric of our society.

LF: Thanks to you, I met Willie Nelson on a trip to Hawaii. He's been one of my heroes for many, many years. We spent that one night together, everybody kind of getting acquainted, having a good time. He comes to me and tells me, "Look, don't stay in those expensive hotels. You come here, stay with us." I said, "Well, I don't want to impose on you." He says, "Oh, I've got the Woody wing." I said, "What do you mean, 'the Woody wing'?" He says, "Well, Woody bought a house down the road. So you've got all that space up there [where Woody used to stay]."

WH: But Willie actually has a Woody wing from all the gambling we've done. I've surely built a wing on his house, no question.

LF: You guys don't play that high a limit, do you?

WH: We ain't as bad as you are.

LF: I won a million dollars in Vegas two weeks ago, playing blackjack. I was still on a roll, and I quit.

WH: You did? That's showing some kind of restraint. I saw you [on another occasion in Vegas], and you're in this roped-off section, and you've got three separate blackjack hands. You're betting $15,000 on each hand. So the dealer gets a 21; that's $45,000 down the drain just like that. I come up, and I say, "How you doing?" And you say (*imitating Larry*), "I'm up a million and a half." And I was like, "Well, fuck, let's get out of here! Let's go; just cash out." And you say, "I've got to get to three." And I was like, "Oh, no." I come back the next morning. It's been all night, and you're still sitting there. You hadn't gone to sleep. I say, "Where are you at?" You say (*imitating Larry*), "I'm down two and a half million."

LF: I don't do that anymore. If I lose a half mill, I quit.

WH: That's good. You don't keep chasing it. That's most people's problem. They keep chasing it.

LF: Yeah, and you can't do that. If you sit there long enough, the casino gets you. But blackjack offers the best odds of any game in a casino. If you're just an average blackjack player, the house has like a 6% edge. If you play really good blackjack strategy, the house has only about a 1.5% edge. No other game gives you that. Slot machines are a ripoff. Roulette wheel, craps, any of that. Just blackjack if you know what you're doing.

WH: That's right.

LF: I've noticed that when you go to clubs or a restaurant, every pretty girl in the place will look straight at you. Nobody else, just

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you. All you have to do is walk over there and take the girl out of the place.

WH: I think this is a fantasy you've created, and I'm wishing it was a reality. But I did spend a long time in my life when I was completely absorbed by women, which is not a bad thing. I do sometimes think I probably could have become a scholar in multiple languages and learned various martial arts and acupuncture. I mean, I could have written books, given all the time I spent [chasing women].

LF: You've been quoted as describing yourself as a sex addict.

WH: Many years ago someone asked me, "Are you addicted to sex?" And I said, "I can't think of anything better to be addicted to." Because of that it came out that I described myself as a sex addict. That's not true. I can go through long droughts.

LF: I've witnessed a change in you over the years. I think your wife, Laura, and your daughters—Deni, Zoe and Makani—are responsible for that. Do you agree?

WH: I do. I'd like to pretend I'm just a more responsible person in general. But in fact it's that I love them so much, I can't help but want to be home with them whenever I can. I've got these three girls, and each one of them somehow managed to get over the moats and around the walls and through the gun turrets that surrounded my heart, and they're just like…they're in. It's a really helpful metamorphosis for someone to feel completely loved and to feel that they love.

LF: Last question: What do you think about President Obama in terms of taming the Beast, as you have called it?

WH: When he got elected, everybody was really jazzed. You really felt like: "This guy is great. He's one of us. He's not taking money from all these corporations. He has an integrity about him." But I don't think he's made a strong stand against all the bullshit that's going on.

LF: I wrote an editorial published in the Daily Beast *that said Obama needs some gonads, and if he doesn't have them, he needs Hillary [Clinton] to tell him how to grow a pair. He's got to start standing up to these Republicans and bitch-slap them because he's not going to get anything from them if he doesn't. Obama is pretty naive. The Republicans are the opposition, and they're not going to give him anything. So he should ram through what he wants. He's got a majority in the Senate; he's got a majority in the House. He should club the hell out of them.*

WH: We need somebody to come in as a real crusader. We need somebody to get this economy and this ecology going in the right direction. It's going to take some serious evolution and maybe nothing short of a revolution. But I still think Obama has the potential to be great.

"Every time Jimmy eats my pussy, I make him a big batch of his favorite cookies. I haven't made cookies since June 1994."

"Aw c'mon, can I just put it in a little bit? How about just the tip?"

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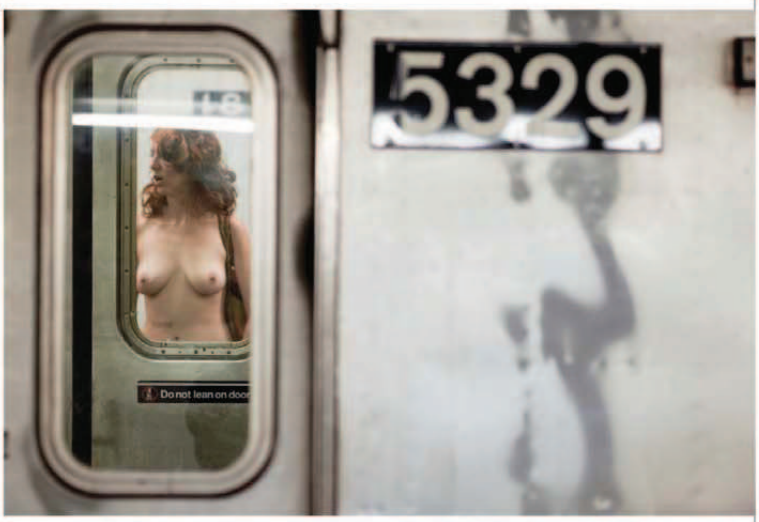

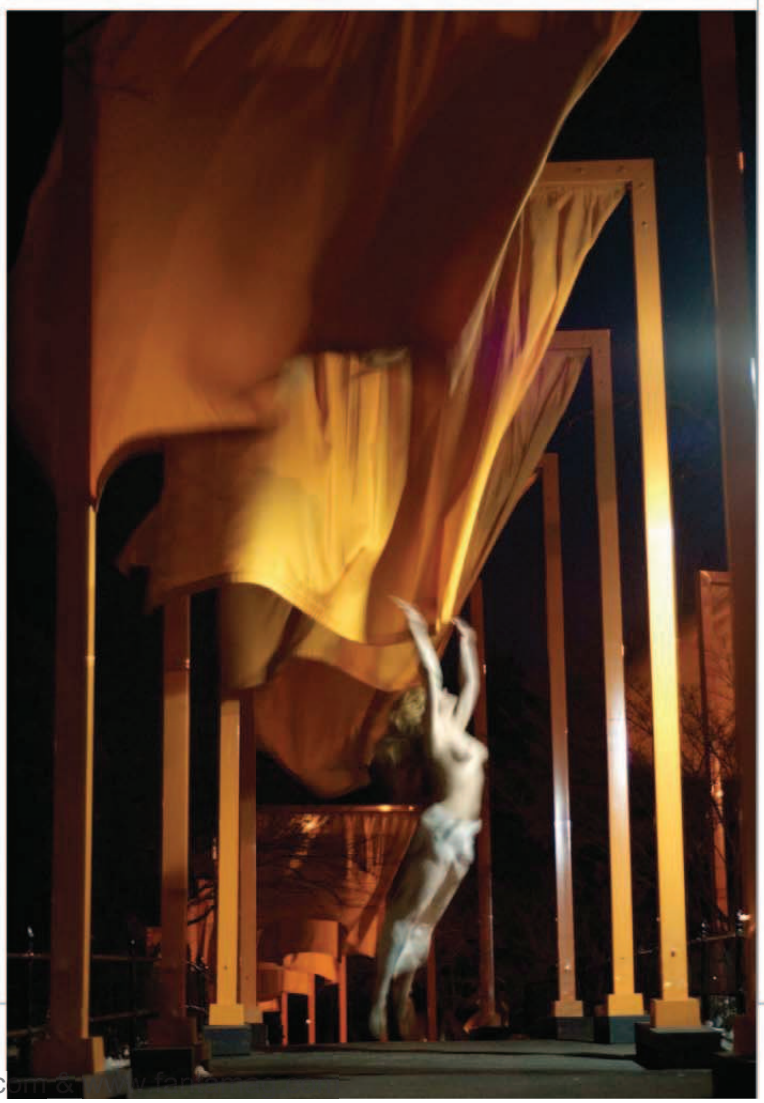

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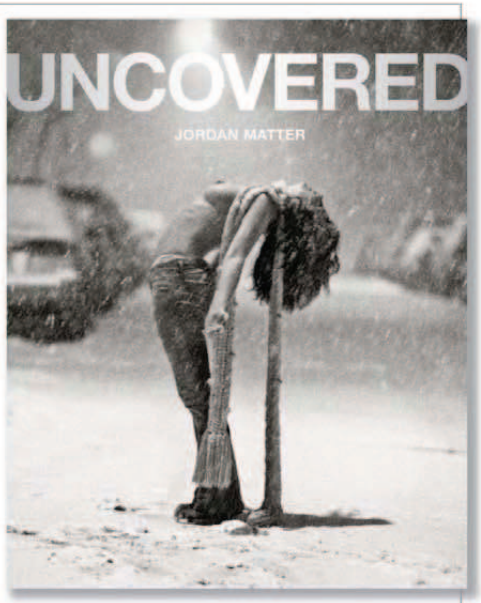
UNCOVERING BEAUTY

PHOTOGRAPHER **JORDAN MATTER'S** NEW BOOK, *UNCOVERED*, EXPOSES WOMEN IN A DIFFERENT LIGHT



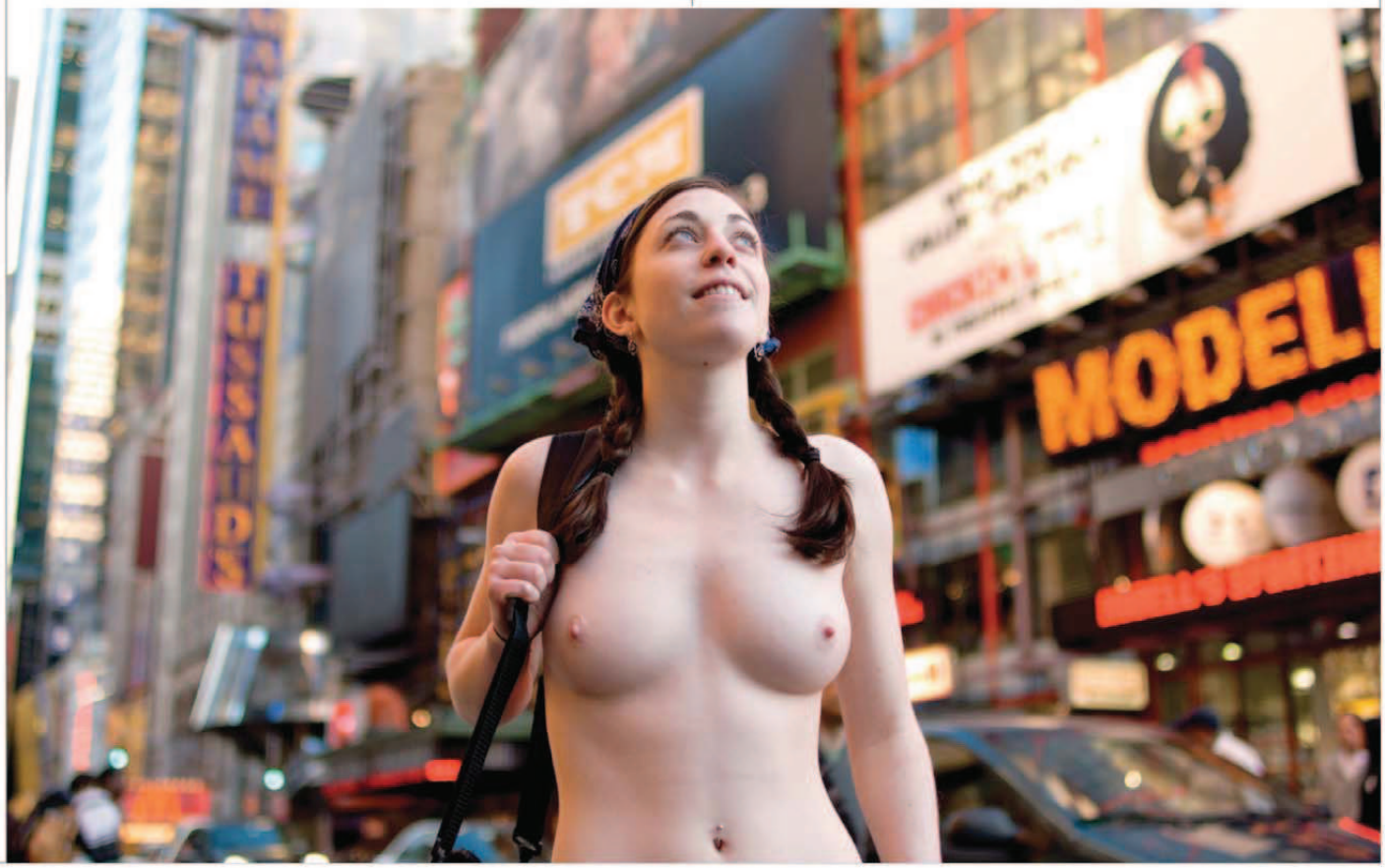
Lensman Jordan Matter is a virtuouso at capturing feminine grace, regardless of the size, shape, color or age of his subjects. His new photo anthology, *Uncovered: Women in Word and Image*, is packed with nearly a hundred stunning, naturally lit portraits of daring women who posed bare-breasted for his camera in public locations across New York City.

His subjects aren't conventionally perfect, porn-skinny model types. Varying greatly in age, education, profession and body type, each posed without financial compensation. Why would these women be willing to take it off in the streets of Manhattan for free? The quick answer, according to Matter, is, "Because they can."

The primary focus of *Uncovered* (beyond the parade of exposed boobs) is the celebration of the female form in all its diversity and of the courage of individual women to confront the expectations of their culture. Interviews and written observations by the women featured in the images lend insight into the models' struggles with preconceptions about nudity, body image and the often arduous journey to self-acceptance.

During the six years it took Matter to compile this remarkable book, the photographer laid bare more than mere flesh. His camera captured the joy and euphoria a woman feels when she is truly free of both society's judgment and her own inhibitions.

Jordan Matter's *Uncovered* is available in bookstores now. To see more of his work visit ***JordanMatter.com***.



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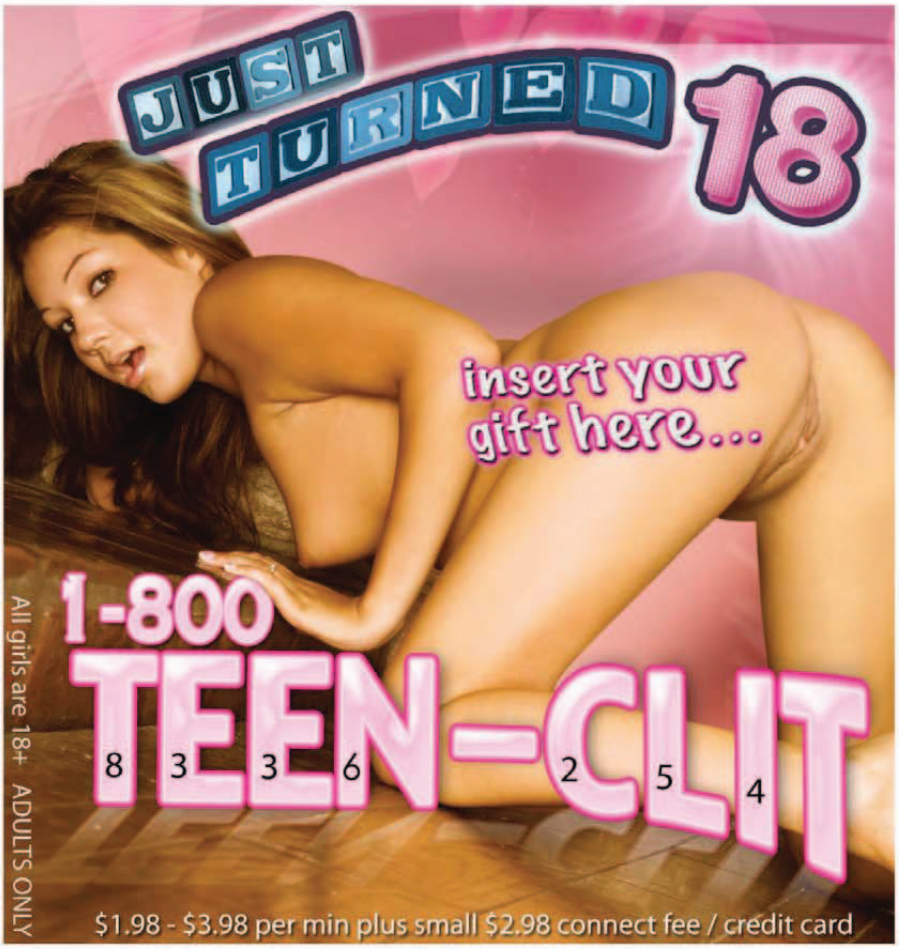
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Zafira has two passions in life: sex and travel. "I've been to France, Germany, Austria, England, Scotland, Ireland and Egypt," the luscious Hungarian reveals. "Not having a boring 9-to-5 desk job, I am free to fully experience everything this mixed-up, beautiful world has to offer."

As a jet-setter, Zafira mixes business and pleasure. "I work as an international model," she explains. "When I go somewhere like Germany, it's to do a photoshoot with the top photographer there. I make a good living posing naked. I show up, do my job, then I go sightseeing. As a beautiful woman, I don't really have to worry about finding a place to stay. Men will always take me in. Not to sound vain, but looking like this does have its perks."

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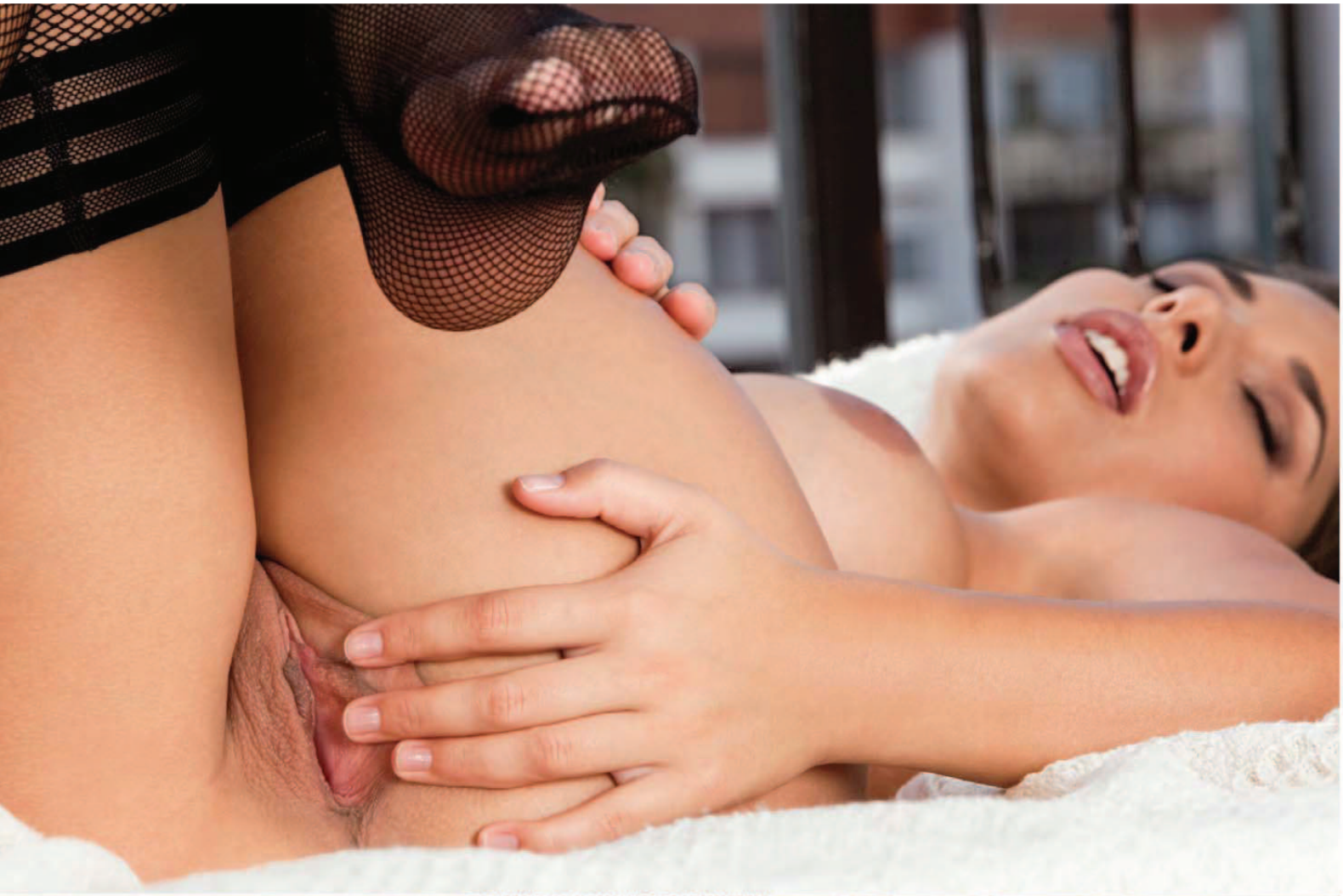

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One recent trip was especially heartwarming. "I met a lovely man in Scotland," **Zafira** recalls. "He was actually a prince of sorts who lived in a castle. It was a bit like a fairy tale. I fell madly in love with him for 72 hours, but he couldn't keep up with me in bed. So there was no Happily Ever After."

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Is **Zafira** searching for another fairy tale? "No," she insists. "I'm only looking for lustful adventures. I hope someday to write a book about my travels and all the interesting places where I've had sex. It will be called *Zafira Does the World*."

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"Everyone knows laughter is the best medicine, so instead of healthcare reform, let's just send everyone a poster of Ann Coulter naked!"

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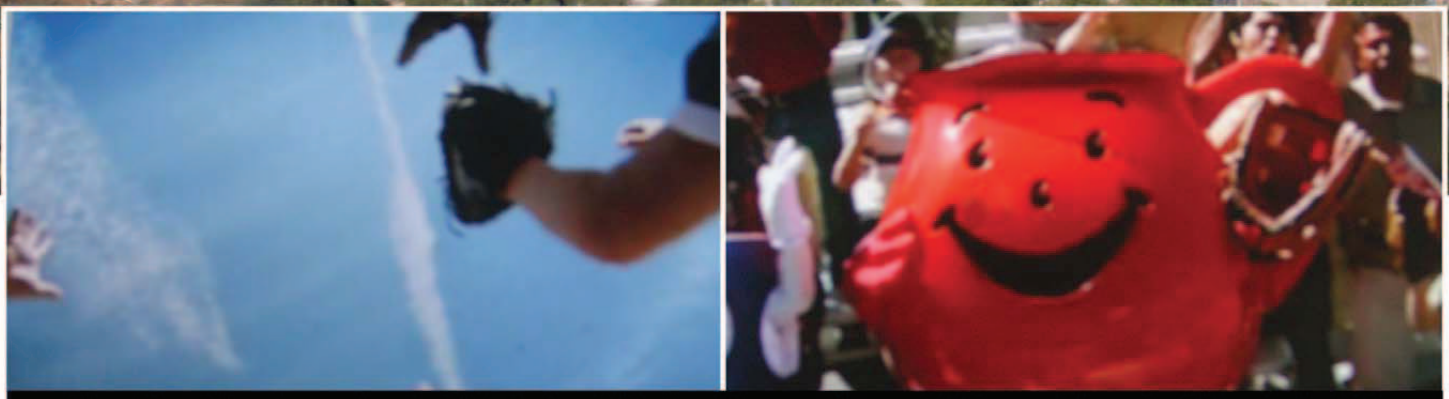
PHOTO BY BRUCE DAVID



Alleged chemtrails criss-cross the sky daily in Southern California and have even shown up in TV commercials, such as this one for Kool-Aid.

It might seem a stretch to connect a crawling sensation over and under the skin—painful, itching persistent sores that discharge fibers of unknown composition—with aircraft exhaust and man-made clouds. However, people who experience these symptoms after spending time outdoors watching long, thin cloud structures have begun making that connection.

The above symptoms are attributed to Morgellons Disease, a recently identified and still controversial ailment attributed by many to toxic substances in "chemtrails," released into the atmosphere from aircraft. According to numerous Internet sites, Morgellons sufferers may include Joni Mitchell and Amy Winehouse.

True aircraft contrails are the wispy, fleeting clouds of water vapor and ice crystals made in the sky by jet engines. Contrails usually disappear in minutes, though their extraordinary proliferation alone, according to computer models, makes them suspect contributors to global warming.

Visually, chemtrails and contrails are much alike—long cloud lines in the sky appearing behind jet planes. However, upon closer examination, chemtrails last much longer—instead of minutes, they can take hours to dissipate. Unlike normal contrails, chemtrails often appear to grow and spread outward. This apparent difference derives from the fact that chemtrails, unlike contrails, may contain any number of dangerous particles, including heavy metals, biological agents and chemicals and polymers of unknown origin. What intentions may lie behind the dispersal of these substances is largely a matter of speculation, since the government rarely admits to the existence of chemtrails, much less discloses their composition.

Whether chemtrails cause Morgellons or not, growing numbers of people find them sinister. What, they want to know, are these things made of? And why are they created? Since such questions remain unanswered, the door is wide open to conjecture.

WHAT CHEMTRAILS CAN DO

Theories concerning the purpose of chemtrails range across a very wide spectrum: covert efforts to test new weapons and new communications systems, climate and weather control (with military implications), radar-blocking and/or radar-enhancement experiments, population behavior manipulation, even dissemination techniques for mass inoculations or the delivery of bio and chemical weapons agents.

Some believe that chemtrails might be part of a classified operation to block sunlight and head off global warming. Jerry E. Smith, author of books *Weather Warfare: The Military's Plan to Draft Mother Nature* and *HAARP: The Ultimate Weapon of the Conspiracy*, raises that prospect. He believes the ability to manipulate weather is much far-

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CHEMTRAILS

WHAT IS THE GOVERNMENT UP TO?

THEY'RE DOING SOMETHING TO OUR SKIES. BUT WHAT, EXACTLY?

ther along than mainstream scientists admit, and the ability to influence hurricanes might already exist.

Contrail/chemtrail proliferation has attracted the attention of numerous observers, including astronauts startled by their visibility from space, radiating out from major cities like the spokes of a wheel. NASA even conducted chemtrail and contrail impact studies on climate by enlisting civilian astronomers throughout the country to record what they saw in the sky. More recently, viewers have reported seeing chemtrails on their TV screens—as they're watching a favorite crime show or even, in one case, an ad for Kool-Aid.

NBC, the History and Discovery channels have all done cautious reports on chemtrails largely because of the growing concern over their effects on public health and the environment. None of these reports, now available online, offered definitive answers.

Journalist William Thomas (**WillThomasOnline.net**) is a pioneer in examining and writing about chemtrails. The first chapter of his book *Chemtrails Confirmed* describes a Maine couple observing 30 jets as they released thick clouds into the cold winter atmosphere. Their efforts to track down information about what they saw were thwarted. Their sighting is consistent with other reports, as are the results of the couple's follow-up investigation.

Though the precise function of chemtrails remains a mystery, there is a long, well-documented history of governments using aircraft to spread poisonous substances. Agent Orange, a highly toxic carcinogen used as a defoliant in Vietnam, is now recognized to have caused large numbers of cancers and early deaths in Vietnam War veterans. Similar chemical agents have been and may still be used against cocaine growers in South America.

Is it possible that the emergence of Morgellons is the result of weapons testing or environment-alteration experiments gone awry? The most extreme theories attribute Morgellons outbreaks to government attempts at population control through biological and nanotechnology implants. Images of the suspected technology components have appeared on the Web.

An online article, "Is Morgellons Disease Caused by Chemical Spraying," (**Rense.com/general71/mmor.htm**), includes visuals comparing Morgellons-associated fibers to those found in chemtrails.

While direct evidence connecting Morgellens to chemtrails is not strong, there is ample correlation between high blood pressure, coughs, sore throats and other respiratory difficulties and the prevalence of chemtrails. That is especially true in areas where 40 to 60 large planes a day have been recorded spreading chemtrails and creating man-made clouds. (Thomas's Web site contains a long list of such areas. Hot spots include Los Angeles and Las Vegas.) Samples of rainwater in California reveal unusual concentrations of barium and aluminum compounds and heavy metals, any of which could harm a respiratory system.

CHEMTRAIL FLASHBACK

Powder-like metallic materials expelled from aircraft have long been part of the military's efforts to wage war. In Vietnam, in addition to the use of Agent Orange, American commanders also sought to increase rainfall over the Ho Chi Minh Trail (Operation Popeye), hoping excessively muddy and difficult conditions would slow the transportation of troops and supplies. The effort failed because the North Vietnamese slogged through the muck on bicycles. Had their forces depended more on mechanized technology, the tactic might have worked. Some people believe the intensity of Hurricane Katrina was the result of a similar experiment.

A 1952 flood in Lynmouth, England, that killed 34 was attributed by many to weather-control activity. In 2001 a BBC radio documentary suggested the flood was connected to Project Cumulus, a government weather-modification project employing cloud-seeding. The report referenced rumors of missing or destroyed documents related to the operation.

Recently, German TV aired a program alleging military cloud-seeding with fine dust metal and plastic particles for radar suppression. "We can state with a 97% certainty that we have on our hands chemical trails [chemtrails] composed of fine dust-containing polymers and metals, used to disrupt radar signals," the report said.

The reporters were astonished at how much territory was covered by these exercises, which also altered *(continued on page 60)*

FOLLOWING THE CHEMTRAILS

Want to know more about what's in the air you may be breathing right now? Type "chemtrails" into your search engine or check out these sources. Afterward, you may want to invest in a hazmat suit.

CaliforniaSkyWatch.com

Carnicom.com

MasterNewMedia.org/news/2007/03/10/chemtrails_what_they_are_and.htm

ChemtrailCentral.com

Chemtrails911.com

HAARP.net

LaCarte.org/health/chemtrails

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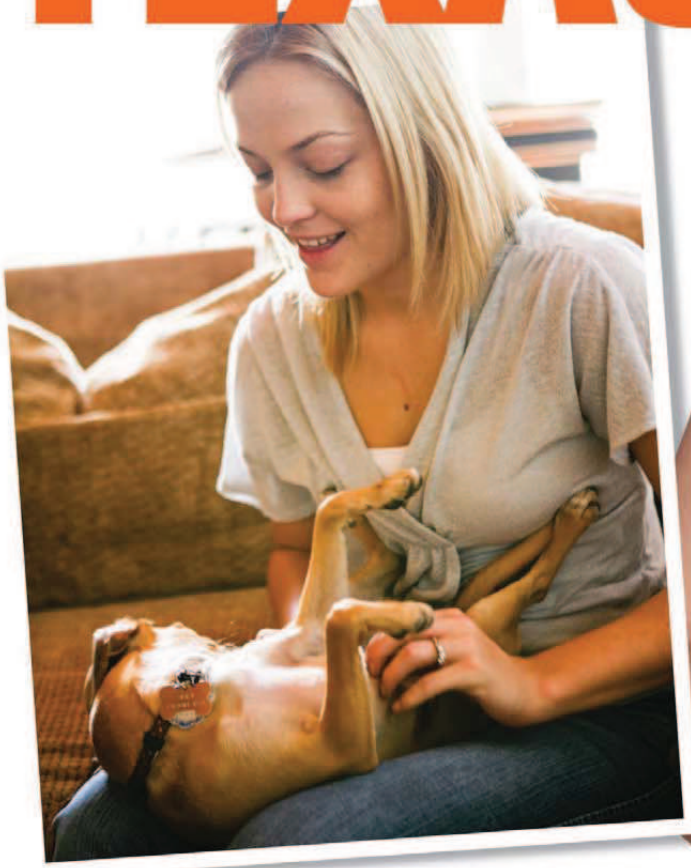
A Day in the Life

ALEXIS TEXAS



It's nine in the morning, and most of Porn Valley is either on set or sleeping off last night's alcohol/drug-fueled bender. But when I knock on the door of Alexis Texas's California-style ranch house, she's already up, albeit still groggy.

"Excuse us for the mess," she warns. Stepping inside, I brace myself for the anticipated X-rated hellhole she cohabits with her fiancé, porn star/director Mr. Pete. But aside from the slept-on couch in the front room and the strong reek of stale weed, the space is surprisingly well kept. Apparently the girl's got her standards.

FROM SCANDALOUS COED TO VIDEO VIXEN, SHE'S A XXX SUPERSTAR

PHOTO FROM *THIS AIN'T BEVERLY HILLS 90210 XXX* COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

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CANDID PHOTOS BY JUSTIN HAMPTON

"Usually I stay in bed on my days off until I'm like, 'God, I'm really lazy. I really should get out of bed,'" Alexis says, "but I feel like you have to wake up early to get through your day so that you can have more downtime."

Alexis has owned the house for a year and a half. Decorated with floral prints and family photos, it suggests a refuge from the gonzo/hard-core action Alexis has come to know since entering the business three years ago. Of course, there is that stripper pole in the middle of her kitchen.

Today Alexis has two errands on tap before taking off to Long Island on a feature dancing gig. One is a professional stop at the production offices of Elegant Angel; the other is more deeply personal.

There's no rush, however, so Alexis can tend to her animals. Her two puggles, Suri and Drake, have barked at me nonstop since I arrived, so Alexis makes sure they get as much attention as I do while I'm here. Other than Mr. Pete's child, who visits on the weekends, the puggles are as close to parenthood as Alexis has come. They follow us out to the koi pond built into her backyard patio.

Aside from the occasional film, Alexis performs on the road as a feature dancer from Wednesdays to Sundays, with Mondays and Tuesdays off. She prefers this schedule to the rigors of a protracted tour.

"I have a life here [in L.A.] and being on the road all the time can be really tiring and hard on a person. So I choose to get my sanity back for at least a few days when I can."

That's when she feeds her fish and considers getting a UV sterilizer to handle the algae in the summer months—domestic concerns unknown at the porn pad she

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shared with fellow Texans Rachel Starr and Rachel Roxx when she first came to L.A.

"Everybody thinks [porn stars] are all fucked up on drugs and we're all partying every night," she concedes. "I'm not gonna say that I've never done that, but I work so much that whenever I'm at home, it feels nice just to be here. And I'm getting older. So I kind of just got over it."

As we reenter the house, Drake nips at my calf. Clearly displeased, Alexis spirits the troubled pup into another room, just as Mr. Pete, freshly out of bed, ambles by. He waves good-naturedly en route to the front room for a round of *NBA Live* on the Nintendo and a wake-and-bake session with Alexis's couch-surfing roadie.

Pete and Alexis have been engaged since May. But, Alexis admits, she's been too busy for wedding plans. She knows she wants something small and intimate—family and a few close friends—and she doesn't want it to cost a fortune.

So why him, I ask.

"I just knew that it was meant to be with him from the very beginning," she explains. "We met on the set of Penny Flame's house party for Shane's World, and we just clicked instantly. We flirted back and forth for months and then, when the road was clear, we just went for it. It's been wonderful ever since."

Heading out the front door for Elegant Angel, Alexis suggests we stop for a Jamba Juice on our way. Cruising in Alexis's Lexus IS 250, she tells me you can't throw a rock in this neighborhood without hitting someone in the porn industry. Alexis clearly appreciates the acceptance she finds here.

The outside world and its judgments about her profession are another story. It's just too easy to dismiss and ridicule porn stars. Early in her career, Alexis worried about revealing her true occupation to her family. Their acceptance came as a relief.

"I told my father first, and he was like, 'If this is what you really wanna do, then I support you. I don't agree with it, but I support you,'" she relates. "So that was a big thing for me—just them not being like, 'Oh, I don't want anything to do with you anymore.'"

Awaiting her fortified smoothee at Jamba Juice, Alexis considers her roots. Prior to Los Angeles, the largest city Alexis ever lived in was San Marcos, Texas. There were only 206 kids in Alexis's high school. Alexis misses small-town life dearly. One day she hopes to return, buy a house on Lake Travis near Austin and raise a family of her own.

When the producers of Shane's World showed up three years ago in San Marcos recruiting for their *College Amateur Tour* series, she was tired of school and hungry for something new. "College was a waste of money," she tells me.

As a result of her initial hard-core scene for Shane's World, Alexis took plenty of local sniping from people now claiming to be her pal, and she hasn't forgotten any of it. "My ex-boyfriend was the worst. He was in a fraternity, so all of his friends were talking about my scene," she gripes. "[Now] all of his little fraternity friends, the same ones who were talking shit, will call me and ask, 'How do I get into the business? Do you think you can help me out?' Absolutely not. Nobody wants to have sex with you."

Having slurped her last, it's time for business over at E.A. There's a box of about 100 *Buttwoman Returns* DVDs waiting for her in the lobby. "They sell

(continued on page 69)

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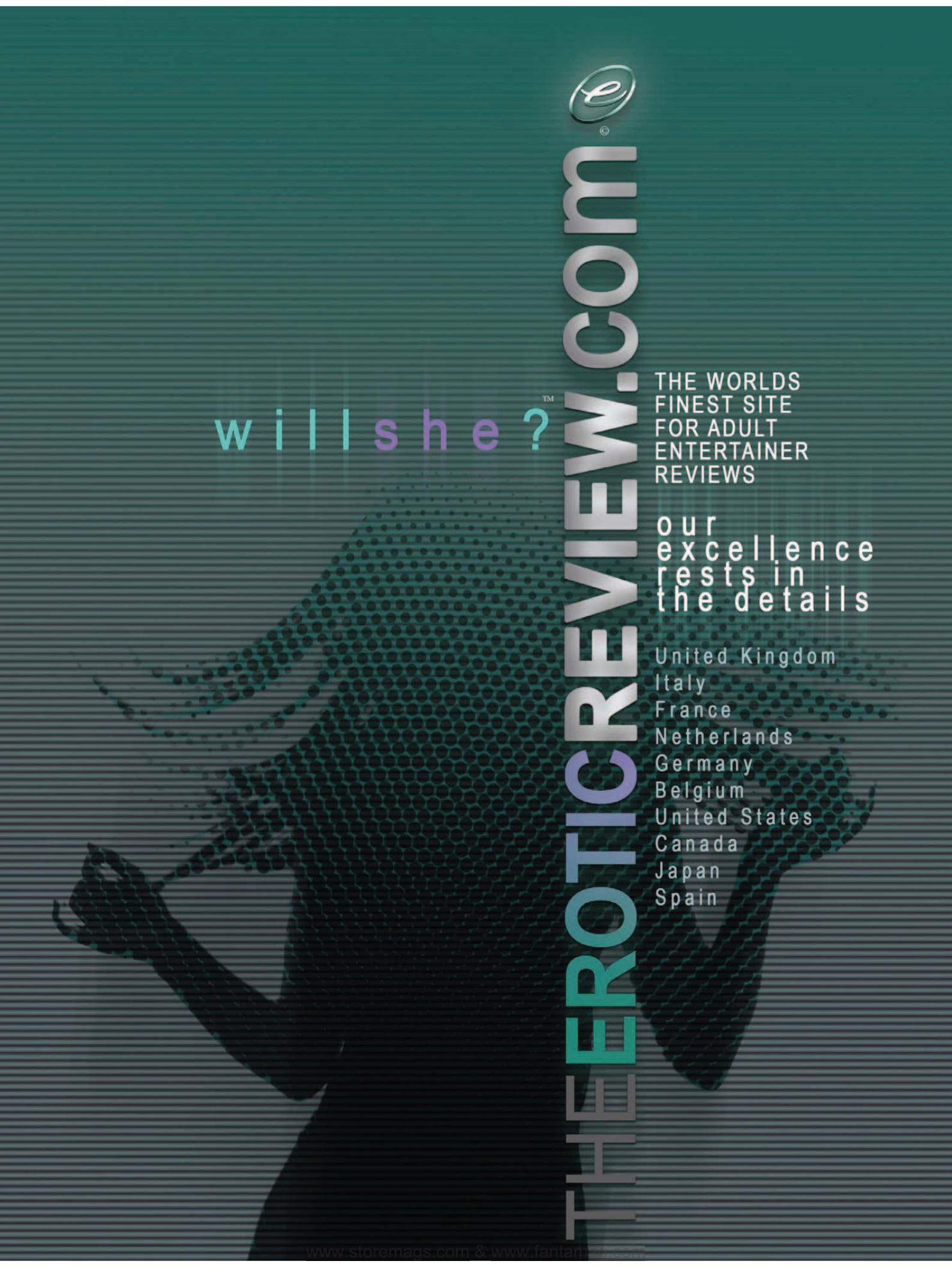

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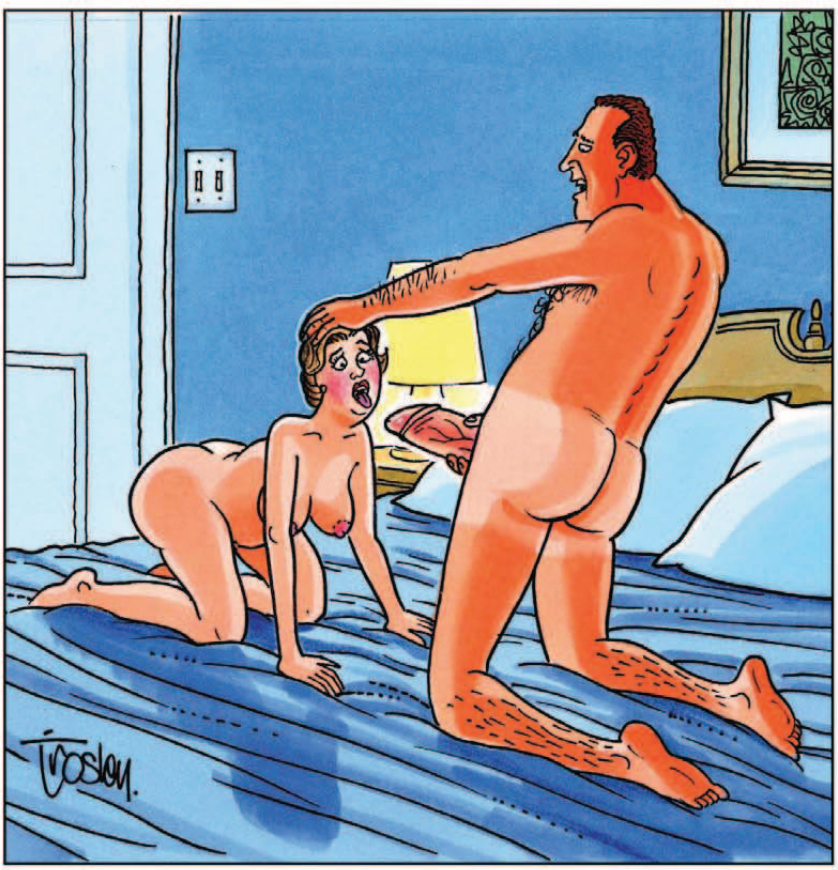
"Fuck healthcare! I want government-mandated blowjobs!"



"Wider, Helen. Open your mouth much wider. Just pretend you're Ann Coulter!"

(continued from page 55) the weather, despite the fact that climate manipulation is illegal in Germany.

THE HAARP FACTOR

An interesting new concern related to chemtrails is their suspected use as part of the High Frequency Active Auroral Research Program (HAARP). The public face of HAARP is that of a military research project headquartered in Alaska that was initially designed to bombard the ionosphere with high-frequency particles for scientific purposes. For many, however, the HAARP project seems to have had defense and weapons implications from the beginning.

According to one HAARP-focused Web site—**BariumBlues.com/haarp1.htm**—HAARP's patent calls for inserting large amounts of barium into the upper atmosphere.

It is guesswork, of course, but incidents where large numbers of chemtrails are identified might well be part of HAARP operations, since part of the program is believed to involve bouncing signals off the ionosphere to enhance communication capabilities.

An introduction to HAARP can be found at **HAARP.net** in a summary of *The Military's Pandora's Box* by Dr. Nick Begich and Jeane Manning, also coauthors of *Angels Don't Play This HAARP: Advances in Tesla Technology*.

In a literally and figuratively chilling quote, Begich and Manning assert that "weather modification is possible by, for example, altering upper atmosphere wind patterns by constructing one or more plumes of atmospheric particles which will act as a lens or focusing device. Molecular modifications of the atmosphere can take place so that positive environmental effects can be achieved. Besides actually changing the molecular composition of an atmospheric region, a particular molecule or molecules can be chosen for increased presence. For example, ozone, nitrogen, etc., concentrations in the atmosphere could be artificially increased."

If we have learned anything from the experience of past government experiments affecting civilian populations, it should be that public officials will not inform the public of what they are doing and why. We will be left on our own to discover what is dangerous and what is not. But there is simply no way that spraying barium, along with other metals and polymers in fine powdered form, can be good for us.

We should also know better by now than to blindly trust the competence of the military-industrial complex. While they may believe their experiments in the atmosphere are harmless, they have a poor record of preventing unforeseen consequences.

Harry Walsh writes about technology and other topics, usually off-beat. The one-time oceangoing tugboat captain, who has taught English at two universities and a college, lives with a gorgeous wife and three big dogs.

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Ah, the tempting three-some. What would happen if you actually got your shot at one? Would you know what to do? Probably not. Lucky for you, several of the editors here have experienced this tricky maneuver. Here are some three-way tips.

• **Take It Easy:** Yes, this is the most exciting thing that has ever happened to you. And yes, your head is about to explode because this hot chick has agreed to do you and your girlfriend. But relax. Casual is the key.

• ***Your* Girl Is the Star:** Trust us, this is the most important tip. Most guys get so riled up over new pussy being added to the mix that they treat their girlfriend like an intrusive third wheel. Huge mistake.

Remember, you wouldn't even be in this situation if not for your girl. Do you really think the bisexual babe who's doing both of you is in it for you?

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•**Enjoy the Show:** A three-ring circus has nothing on this. A threeway is the greatest show on Earth. Take a few moments in the midst of all the sweaty action to soak it all in. It beats any porn you'll ever watch.

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•Try Not to Direct: Rookie error. Nothing kills the mood more than a creepy guy barking "Lick her pussy!" Save it, Spielberg; the girls know what to do.

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• **Take a Lot of Pictures:** We mean mental ones to store in your spank bank. Chances are something like this will never happen again—especially after your gal decides to become a full-on lesbian. Can't happen? Doesn't she already own several Melissa Etheridge CDs? So enjoy this while you can.

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(continued from page 58) very well," the receptionist assures me, predicting she'll move the entire box at her Long Island appearance.

Indisputably, Alexis's booty has serious money-making superpowers, and the Texas transplant plans to capitalize on it with her own company (Alexis Texas Entertainment) and Web site (**AlexisTexas.com**). "The industry is going more personalized. A lot of girls are branching off and doing their own sites, toys, all kinds of stuff. So we're trying to get more of a reality-type feel. People wanna know the real Alexis Texas, and they wanna see what you're doing. So I use my house a lot. We shot Mike Stefano helping me move into my house—that kind of thing."

Finally, we drive out to Sherman Oaks Park. The Ft. Hood massacre had taken place a week earlier, hitting Alexis, an Air Force brat with a younger brother in the Army, right where she lives. There's a war memorial here, as good a place as any to lay a bouquet of flowers as a show of respect.

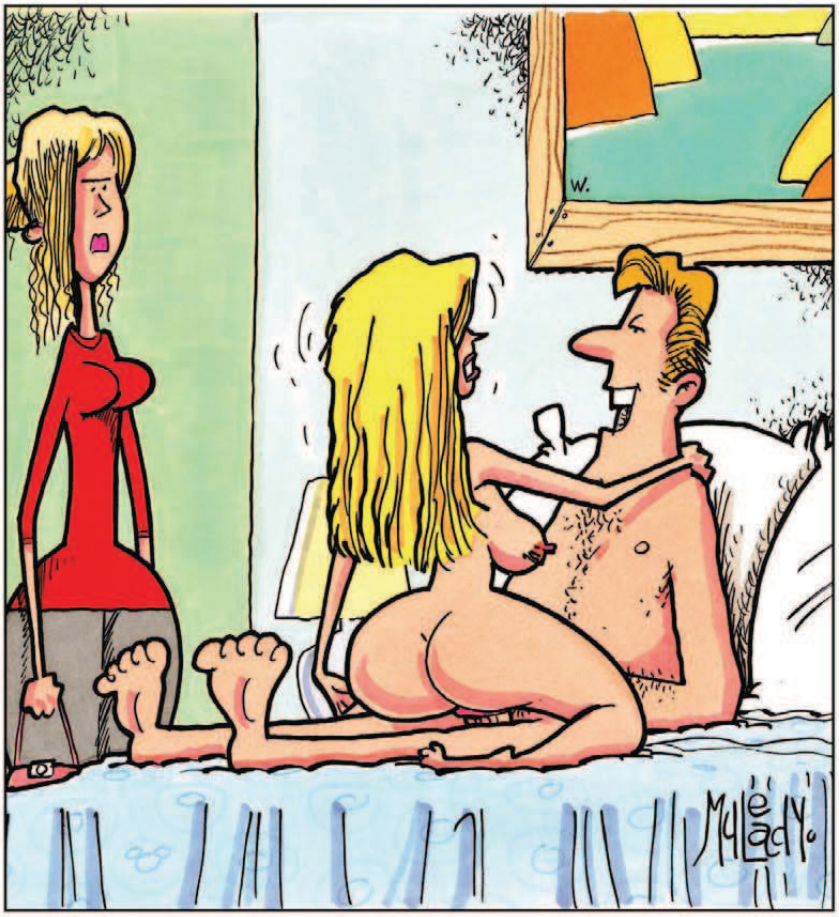
For most of her life, Alexis herself expected to enlist as so many of her friends have. She got used to the benefits—from cheap lodging to subsidized healthcare—that Armed Forces personnel and their relations enjoy. But she holds the military's leadership under deep suspicion.

She and Mr. Pete recently returned from attending the Hot D'or awards in Paris. Both noticed telling differences between European and American coverage of world events. "We were hearing all of this stuff about the Afghanistan election that you won't hear [in the U.S. media]. They don't sugarcoat nothing," she reports. "I mean, we're adults. We elect people to go into office to make all of our choices, and you're going to limit our choices [by controlling] what we're allowed to know?"

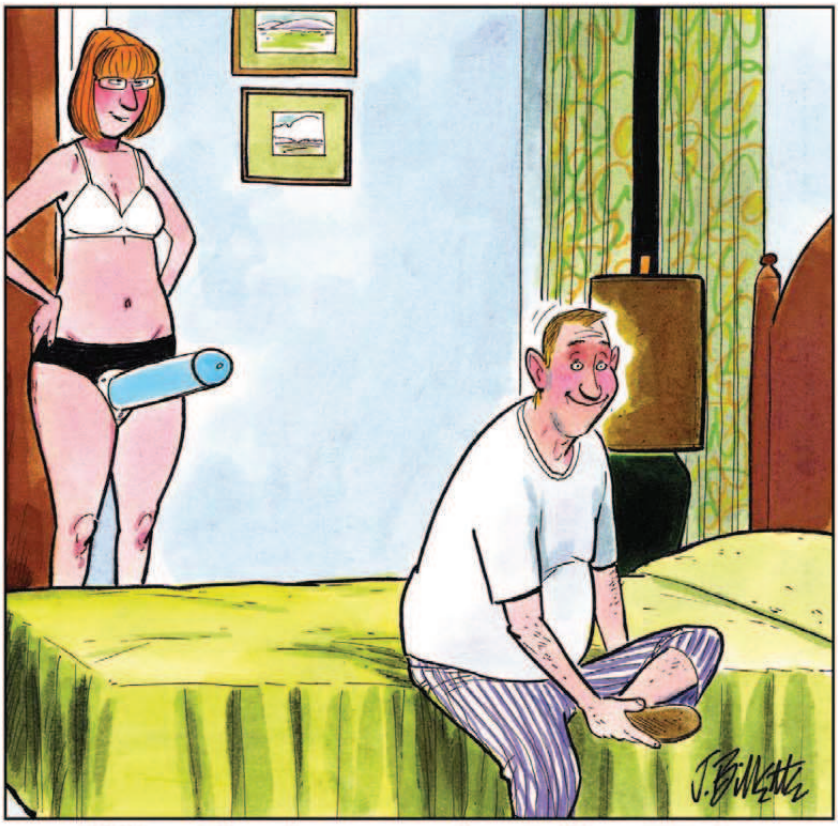
Returning to her place, her interest in world news takes a backseat as she flicks on E! Entertainment's *10 Hottest Celebrity Beach Bodies*. It'll do until *General Hospital* comes on, she says. Mr. Pete pops in to chill as Alexis texts on her iPhone. She gets a call: Does she want the cover of *SHOW Magazine*? Well, of course. Taschen Books just placed Alexis's ass on the front of its upcoming release, *The Big Butt Book*, so why not?

Rush hour's coming, and it's time to hit the freeway. Alexis sees me out. It's her last chance to lose it and show me she's a nutjob after all. But she blows it by thanking me for my time.

"[Porn] didn't change who I am as a person," she had told me earlier. "It's just something that I chose to do. It doesn't define me. I'm still a normal person. I still go to sleep every night. I still cook dinner. I still do all those normal things, and people don't understand that." That's why she occasionally tells fans to pinch her. Otherwise they won't get that she's, you know, real.



"You said to stop fantasizing about fucking the girl-next-door, so I did and fucked her for real."



"Bill, you know how you are always after me to try anal sex? Well, I think I'm finally ready!"

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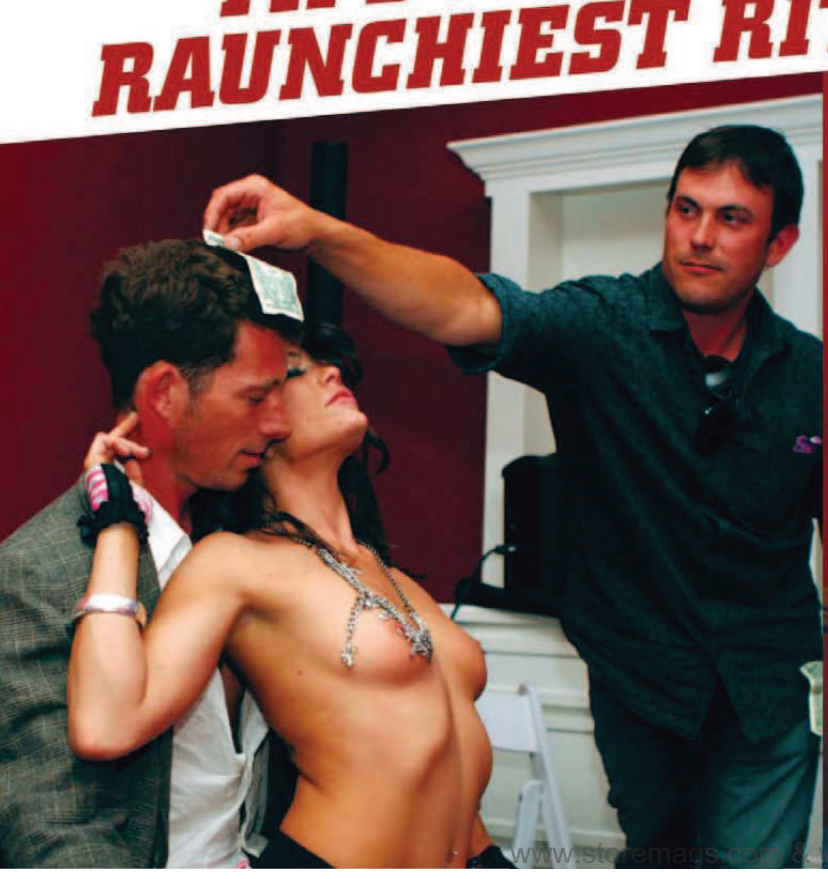
THE BACHELOR PARTY

TIPS FROM A PRO ON THE RAUNCHIEST RITE OF PASSAGE



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I THREW MY FIRST BACHELOR PARTY in Boston for this bozo my sister married in 2002. I wasn't the best man and I didn't even like the groom, but I was somehow duped into organizing the event—from Los Angeles—due to my rising porn cred as an editor at HUSTLER.

Predictably, the night went unbearably wrong. Strippers I had booked never bothered to show, and the replacement whores were filthy Asians my friend and I wrangled out of some dodgy dive down the street. I was privileged to witness, up close and personal, my prospective bro-in-law's dad rolling up a $10 bill and jamming it deep into a skank's dirty asshole, only to pop it back out and lick it. I also got stuck with the $3,000 tab all by my lonesome. After this auspicious send-off, my sister and the douchebag got divorced a year later. That piss-poor excuse for a bachelor party was something I promised to make right one day.

Seven years and many sleepless nights later I get my long-awaited second chance, this time for my good friend Bobby, who lives on Nantucket Island in Massachusetts. I think long and hard before agreeing to organize the festivities (again, not even the best man, but still evidently the best man for this job), but ultimately accede. By now I know what a shitload of details the gig involves—procuring strippers, limos, planes, lodging, food, booze and drugs—but after the previous fiasco, anything less than a balls-out effort will be a waste of my time and, quite probably, my money.

I phone my scummy L.A. porn buddy Tony Testa, now in Connecticut, to see if he knows any quality peelers in the Boston area. Within days, I've got the phone number for an eminently trustworthy outfit in Manchester, New Hampshire, called VIP Strippers, by which I'm promised three party sluts willing to schlep to a tiny island and flash their vaginas at strangers for crumpled-up dollar bills.

We meet up with the chicks—and James, the VIP roadie sent along with them—on some random street outside the city. There's Lexi, the blonde, and the two brunettes, Lacie and Christina. All three look too young to have the stripper routine down pat as they try to wrestle their suitcases from the car trunk without dumping hooker heels and sex toys onto the sidewalk. When a family gathers on their front porch to witness the seediness, I have my first inkling that things may not go as smoothly as I had hoped this time around either.

HUSTLER reporter Scott Fayner with strippers Lexi, Christina and Lacie.

Dissension starts early. "We want champagne and shrimp cocktail!" a half-sleeping Lacie instructs me, seconds after we get into the limo. "Oooohhh!" Christina shouts back, "I want some of them chocolate strawberries, too!"

Testa and I look at each other, thunderstruck at the gall of these second-rate hookers. "Listen," I shoot back, "you'll be lucky to get Budweiser and Dunkin' Donuts." Testa agrees: "Even that might be too classy!"

The strippers, not thrilled with our notions of hospitality, commence to sulk. We open some beers, improving their morale slightly. Lexi, the skinny blonde with huge bags under her eyes, enlightens me with tales of her nightly engagements out in the barren woods with local rednecks. She can probably count on one hand the times she hasn't blacked out from consuming drugs and alcohol.

"Do you ever wake up with multiple dicks dangling in your face?" I ask. She slaps me. Clearly I'm gonna have to keep an eye on this whore.

The strippers all whine about having to pee, so we stop at an anonymous convenience store off the highway. Ten minutes later they return in grand spirits, and for some reason Lexi's rubbing her nose and snorting. Nothing like a little Peruvian Marching Powder to improve a gal's attitude.

Lexi yaps on even more eagerly, letting the other two gals know she may have fucked Christina's ex-boyfriend as recently as a month ago. Christina wants to know exactly when, since it may have been while they were still dating. Tensions rise. We fear a hooker catfight is about to ensue.

Testa, seeing that the agency's roadie isn't properly equipped to deal

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with the situation, takes matters into his own hands. Here are the rules you must obey, he tells them: "Don't be retarded, and don't get fucked up before work. Once you're done," Testa concludes, "you're free to do whatever or whoever you want."

The rest of the limo ride passes in uneasy silence, broken briefly when I tell the girls I've spiked their drinks, intending to sell them off as sex slaves. "When you wake up," I say, "you will be in cages with Saudi princes fucking your slicked assholes." Two out of three believe me.

The chartered, eight-seat plane waits for us at the Hyannis airport, but the strippers all seem too petrified to step aboard. They insist on peeing yet again before we take off. This time the bathroom break, and even the on-board bubbly, fail to calm them. For the entire 15-minute flight, they shake and fidget in the tiny seats. It occurs to me that the 20 minutes they spent in the bathroom "peeing" may have actually made matters worse.

Upon landing at Nantucket, a cab whisks us to the mansion we've secured for the party. The basement looks like a miniature strip club, complete with pole, DJ booth and seductive lighting. There's a vast table stocked with Triple 8 Vodka and beer. Bachelor Bobby sits in his designated chair before a stack of cash to stuff in the dancers' G-strings. The lights dim, the music cranks way up and the strippers emerge from a back room dressed, as expected, like dirty little whores. The crowd erupts, or at least they clap, hoot and whistle, which will do for a start.

As all three dancers perform for the guest of honor I head for the bar to down a few cocktails. When I return, Lacie and Christina are grinding on Bobby's merry crotch. Lexi, in glasses and lingerie, seems a bit jittery as she spins on the stripper pole. Her jaw is in constant motion: It could be her nerves, or maybe the pile of blow she went at like a Doberman on a bacon-wrapped infant. Bobby doesn't notice, and that's all that matters. He's too busy getting blue balls from young trim.

Lacie and Christina spend the rest of the show giving lap dances to all the guys. James is on his knees, corralling the cash into a bag. And Lexi, well, she's in her own little world. Shaking too badly to dance, she ultimately vanishes through the smoke, retreating to her room upstairs. No one seems to notice, since Lacie and Christina work the crowd like aces. At one point Christina slips into a side room, where we catch a glimpse of her dropping to her knees in front of a dude just as the door slams shut. Game on.

When the first show ends, we go down to the Bamboo Supper Club, a local hangout, in search of fresh chicks and a few select dudes with cash to waste on lap dances. Lexi sits right next to me in the limo. She's still pretty dazed, but I push up her tiny dress to finger her anyway. Since she barely seems to notice my penetrating digits, I eventually give up. After scoring some *(continued on page 90)*

PHOTOS BY TONY TESTA

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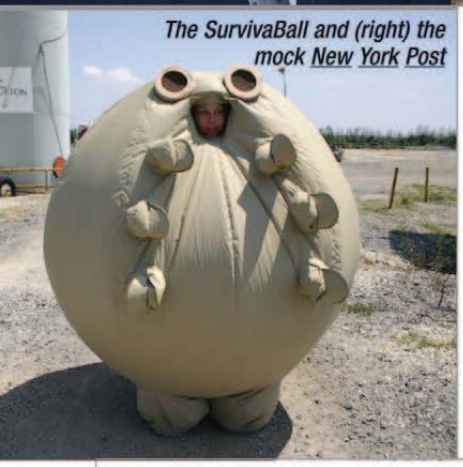
WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW

Mike Bonanno and Andy Bichlbaum



The SurvivaBall and (right) the mock New York Post

NEW YORK POST
Page Six
EARLY CITY SPECIAL
WORLD LEADERS SLIP ON UN SUMMIT SLOPE
WE'RE SCREWED
NEW YORK FIGHTS BACK!
What you're not being told: Official City report predicts massive climate catastrophes, public health disasters.

THE

THE DYNAMIC DUO FAMOUS FOR PUNKING THE WORLD TRADE ORGANIZATION CHATS WITH US ABOUT FIXING THE WORLD, GETTING ARRESTED AND THE BENEFITS OF SURVIVABALLS.

Andy Bichlbaum and Mike Bonanno are mild-mannered university professors—and anticorporate superheros in their free time. Famous for impersonating World Trade Organization spokesmen in conferences and TV talk shows, the Yes Men have been tirelessly exposing the inhumanity of global corporations for a decade, recently expanding their mission to save the planet from deadly climate change. Their most recent movie, *The Yes Men Fix the World*, chronicles over ten years of inventive and hilarious activism and their drive to take the call for real change into the streets.

HUSTLER: We interviewed you guys early on, most recently in our March 2005 issue. What's new since the last time we talked?

ANDY BICHLBAUM: Well, we've got a new President. It's actually a huge difference. It means there's hope. We can actually change things now. A lot of people's reaction to having a President who's a centrist instead of an extreme right-wing freak has been to go, "Okay, all's done now. We have a centrist as President." The reaction should be, "Oh, good. Now we have a centrist President. Let's go riot because we can actually make him progressive." We can give him the public pressure that he needs to countervail other kinds of pressure he's getting.

HUSTLER: Is Obama a Yes Man or just a yes man?

ANDY: He's President of the U.S., which is bad enough. There's not much you can do as President unless you have a lot of popular pressure on you. People often say: "What would you say to Obama? Would you like him to see your movies?" It really doesn't matter. I'm sure he would do the right thing if we could pressure him to.

There was a big gay march on Washington [in 2009]. Obama had not said anything about Don't Ask, Don't Tell until the march. Right afterwards he said, "I'm against it; I want to repeal it." There are all kinds of examples of direct action having an effect on leaders and forcing them to do what's right.

HUSTLER: Does having Obama in office change what you guys do?

MIKE BONANNO: It certainly changed what we did immediately following his election. We published a [parody] newspaper called "The New York Times." It was full of good news about what we saw as being possible with a new administration in place. It's part of an overall strategy to participate in a global movement demanding social and environmental justice. We're very much on board for trying to imagine the dream, figure out what future is possible, then push people to demand it from the government.

HUSTLER: How did your focus shift from the WTO to other areas?

ANDY: After doing the WTO for a number of years a friend of ours approached us and said, "Hey, why don't you try to really affect some people on the ground now who are fighting for their lives against this chemical giant Dow?" He laid out for us the whole story of Bhopal, India, and how Dow Chemical [Company] had just bought Union Carbide, which was responsible for the Bhopal catastrophe in 1984 that poisoned thousands of people.

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YES MEN

Our friend said, "This is a moment when we could really affect things. Nobody knows what Dow is going to do. We should try to affect their plans." He convinced us to set up a Web site impersonating Dow. Nothing happened immediately, but a couple of years later we accidentally got an invitation from the BBC to appear on a news show—in front of 350 million people. It happened organically.

HUSTLER: Do you still see "identity correction"—exposing the true nature of corporations—as your primary goal?

ANDY: It's one of them. We're also interested in intersecting with a bigger movement. The newspaper, for instance, was not so much about correcting the identity of the real *New York Times*; it was about projecting a better future in collaboration with thousands of people distributing it.

Andy and the mock New York Times

Since then we've gone in that direction even more by collaborating on a direct action database at **BeyondTalk.net**. It asks people to pledge to be arrested in direct actions, on the principle that things only change if people really take to the streets. There are people right now organizing actions using the database. A few thousand people have signed up, ready to be arrested. It makes politicians really uncomfortable when people start doing sit-ins in their offices and refusing to move. It disrupts the day and makes them see visibly and viscerally that people care.

HUSTLER: Do you guys get arrested a lot?

MIKE: No. One thing we've been doing is protesting in SurvivaBalls. We've yet to have anybody in a SurvivaBall get arrested. I think it's just too weird for the cops to deal with. Andy got arrested recently when we were launching the SurvivaBalls in a Balls Across America campaign. The SurvivaBalls show up in our movie *Yes Men Fix the World* when we impersonate Halliburton. It's Halliburton's solution to global warming: a gated community for one that protects the owner against climate change even if the rest of the world is dying. We've been rolling them out across the country, using them in protests. They're so funny and strange and lack the normal places you'd put handcuffs, so people haven't been getting arrested.

The difference between a protest that makes the news and a protest that doesn't is often arrests. It's more important than ever to be committed to being arrested. Hopefully with a little help from the people at **BeyondTalk.net** we will be at the right place at the right time to make a difference.

HUSTLER: What's the game plan for the near future?

MIKE: We're trying to help get the word out on climate change and climate justice. We've also got a new target because they've targeted us: the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Andy impersonated a U.S. Chamber of Commerce representative, and we held a press conference at the National Press Club in Washington. It created a stir because we announced that the Chamber was changing their position on climate change. Specifically, they were not only going to put their weight behind the bills before Congress to limit emissions, they were also going to support an aggressive carbon tax.

An angry man from the Chamber burst into the press conference. It made for good video. It got all over the Web and was announced live on Fox News, among other places, as a real thing before they caught themselves. After that, we heard the Chamber was suing us. That's going to be interesting because this is a case where we were clearly engaged in political speech protected by the First Amendment.

They're trying to claim that we weren't, and that we were engaged in commercial activity. Members of the Chamber of Commerce [especially small businesses] should take a close look at this. A lot of businesses join the Chamber not realizing that they're actually joining a massive industry lobby that is undermining a lot of the basic needs we have as citizens.

HUSTLER: Do you get a lot of strong reactions to your pranks?

ANDY: It's strange; people usually just sit there and ask polite questions.

MIKE: The first time we ever impersonated someone it was as WTO spokesmen at a law conference in Salzburg, Austria. We announced that the WTO was opening a free market on democracy by allowing people to sell votes to the highest bidder. We thought people would react negatively. When they didn't, we thought that was a really weird reaction.

What we've discovered over the years is that this reaction is not weird at all. It was the norm. People are used to accepting really bad ideas from people in positions of power. Our senses are so dull to it that we tend to not react. Getting a reaction turned out to be the weird thing!

HUSTLER: Are you working toward a new, improved capitalism or something completely different?

ANDY: There must be a better way to do things. Capitalism is an idea they invented in the 17th century. Communism was invented in the 19th century. Seems like we could do something a little better by now.

MIKE: Especially now, because the times of endless growth are over. Everybody can see the writing on the wall. We need some kind of system that's going to promote sustainability and isn't solely based on profit and growth. Whether there is a soft capitalism or a Scandinavian model that might work better or whether we should go with something more aggressive that ensures we actually do have a future for the planet—I think we would accept either at this point. We need some kind of compromise that gives us time to work out the long-term solutions. What we've got now—profit at any cost—is totally idiotic.

(continued on page 89)

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BRIANA BLAIR

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PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

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Meet former Atlanta Hawks cheerleader-turned-porn star **Briana Blair**. You read right. This stunner, who used to shake her pom-poms for the NBA team, now gets down and dirty on film.

"I was longing for a change of pace," recalls **Briana**, who also was a hockey cheerleader (donning ice skates) with the NHL's Atlanta Thrashers. "A new adventure. I think trying new things keeps life interesting. I decided it was time for me to give up cheering and do something wild. That's why I chose porn. I thought being seen by screaming fans in sold-out arenas was exhilarating. That was nothing compared to my first sex scene. That really got my adrenaline pumping."

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Did the cheerleader ever "cheer up" players on the side? "I'm not one to kiss and tell," **Briana** acknowledges. "BUT! Of course I had some fun with the players while I was there. How could I not? Athletes really do it for me. They're so manly. Jocks may not always have a lot going on upstairs, but in the pants they're well equipped. I need a man to be a man. Hard, rugged and able to take control. No metrosexual sissy boys for me."

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BRIANA BLAIR'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Dallas, Georgia | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Aquarius | HEIGHT: 5-3 | WEIGHT: 110

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We couldn't resist asking **Briana** to show off her cheerleading skills one more time: "I'm a little rusty, but okay, let's do this. (*Yelling.*) When I say 'HUSTLER,' you say 'Rocks!' HUSTLER!"

"Rocks!"

"HUSTLER!"

"Rocks!"

"HUSTLER's the best! Forget about the rest. Go-o-o-o-o HUSTLER!"

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Bemoaning her teeny tits, Joan broached the idea of breast-enhancement surgery with her husband. "Are you fucking crazy?!" he snorted. "We can't afford to make your boobs bigger in this economy! Try rubbing toilet paper between 'em."

Perplexed, flat-chested Joan fired back, "How will that do any good?!"

"Beats me," her deep-in-debt husband muttered, "but it's worked wonders on your ass over the years!"

Question: What do a fat white girl and a cinder block have in common?

Answer: Both will eventually be laid by a Mexican.

With Show & Tell about to start, the fourth-grade teacher looked around the classroom. She first pointed to Susie, who chirped, "I brought an iPod, and you can listen to music on it."

Janie was next: "I brought an electric can opener. It opens cans."

Then Johnny told everyone, "I brought my daddy's heart-and-lung machine. The doctor said it would keep him alive."

"That's very interesting," the teacher commented, "but what did your father say about your bringing it in today?"

"He went, 'AAAAAARRRRGGGHHH!'"

HUSTLER Wisdom: Beauty is much more important than brains in a woman because plenty of men are stupid, but not very many are blind.

The biggest difference between an automobile and a golf ball is that Tiger Woods can drive a golf ball 300 yards and not hit anything.

PUBLIC-SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE U.S. GOVERNMENT: The term *nigger-rigged* is no longer acceptable. It will hereafter be replaced by *Presidential solution*. Thank you.

A cheapskate millionaire walked into a ritzy shoe store and told the salesman he wanted a one-of-a-kind pair of shoes. The salesman led him into the back of the store, opened a drawer and pulled out a pair of milky-white wing tips. "Nobody has anything like these, sir," he whispered cautiously. "They're made from human skin and sell for $10,000."

After inspecting the shoes closely, the millionaire remarked, "They're beautiful but a bit pricey."

The salesman then motioned to another pair in the drawer and said, "We also have them in black for $2.99."

Question: Why is 68 the maximum driving speed for blondes?

Answer: Because at 69 they blow a rod.

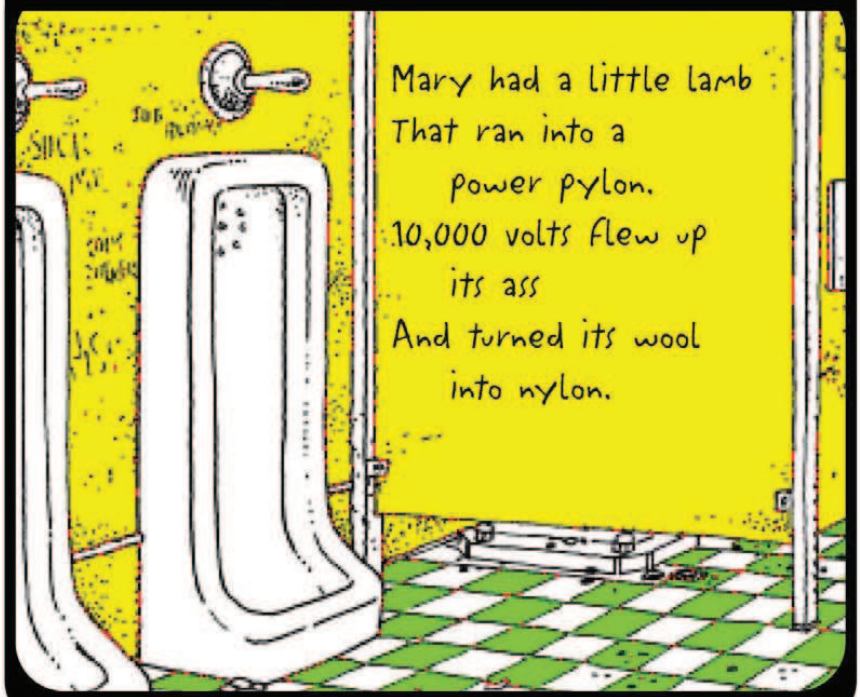
Old Pete was talking with a young, hot-looking woman one evening when she asked him if he liked breasts or legs. "Well, darlin', truth be told, what I really like is a shaved snatch," the crusty fellow blurted out. Old Pete is no longer welcome at KFC.

At the doctor's office a married gal explained how her husband beat her every time he came home drunk. "I have a prescription for that," the knowledgeable physician offered. "Whenever your husband walks in the door shitfaced, fix a glass of sweet tea and start gargling with it. Just gargle and gargle."

Two weeks later the lady was all smiles during her followup appointment. "That gargling with sweet tea sure did the trick, Doctor!" she howled in delight. "As soon as my husband comes home, I just gargle, and he hasn't laid a hand on me."

The doctor retorted, "See how keeping your big mouth shut helps?"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Cliff N.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

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(continued from page 75) **HUSTLER: You guys have been doing this for about ten years. How effective has it been? Are you happy with your success?**

MIKE: Well, we've brainwashed about 30 children who in ten years are going to be presidents of the G20. So we actually are going to be in control of the planet soon. Not to worry.

HUSTLER: Are you guys corruptible?

MIKE: We're absolutely untouchable. You especially can't get us on sex scandals.

HUSTLER: Can you make a living as one of the Yes Men?

ANDY: No.

MIKE: I wish we could. We both work as university professors.

HUSTLER: Where do you get the money for your actions?

MIKE: We use a lot of our wages, actually. We've gotten a few art grants. We also "crowd source" some of the funding. On a project-by-project basis we send out an e-mail through our mailing list and ask people to contribute a little bit of money. That's usually enough to pay airfares or build a costume.

HUSTLER: If somebody came along and said we'll fund your campaign, would you run for office?

ANDY: That would be an unpleasant choice.

MIKE: We did talk about it. In New York there was some talk of running Andy for mayor, but then Reverend Billy stepped up to run as the Green Party candidate, and it became unnecessary.

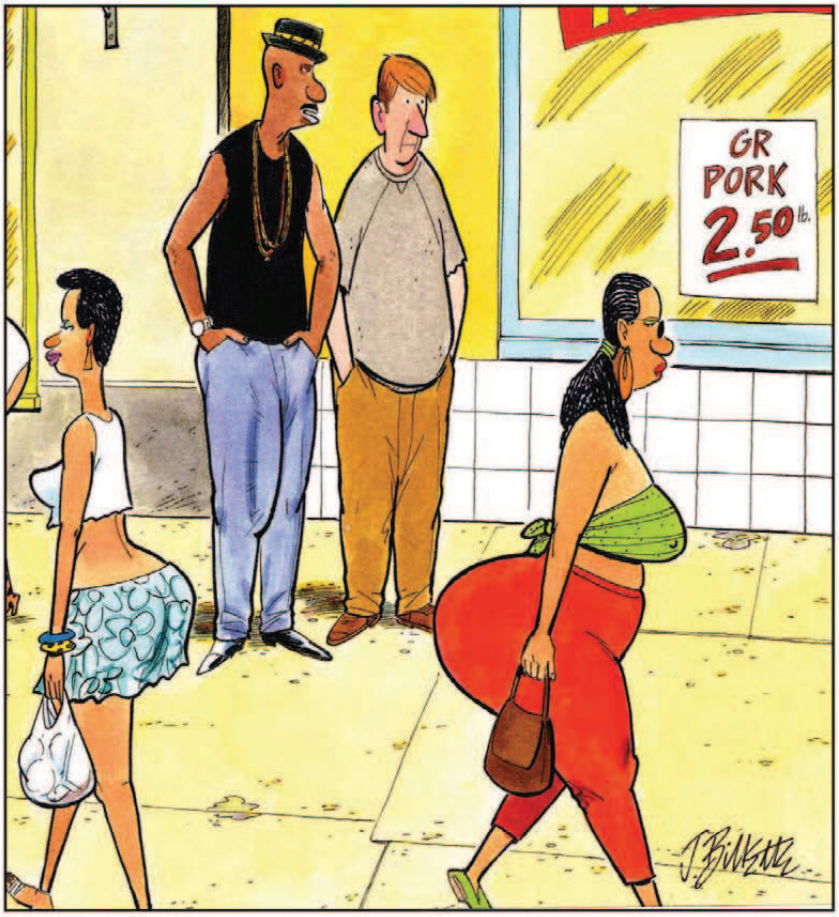
ANDY: I regained my senses. For a second I thought it would be a fun thing to do…not!

MIKE: The better thing to do is to actually take to the streets and make life seriously uncomfortable for power. I really think that's what's going to change things. I think people going into politics should fight the same way, through civil disobedience, refusing to budge until laws are made better.

HUSTLER: If other people wanted to start doing this, what would you tell them?

MIKE: Funny you should ask. Right now we're trying to launch kind of a Yes Factory, a sort of incubator for Yes Men projects or for any kind of creative activist projects. Everybody has ideas. Get a beer with some friends. Talk about what to do. By the end of two or three beers, you'll have a really good idea. It's not hard to figure out the steps. The main thing is to realize you can do it, and you don't have to be afraid. It's taken us ten years to get one frivolous lawsuit against us. It's really hard to get in trouble doing this.

For more secrets of the Yes Men go to **Challenge.TheYesMen.org**. Their films *The Yes Men* and *The Yes Men Fix the World* are now available on DVD from **Netflix.com** and most retailers.



"We brothers had to develop long dicks to reach past the big butts!"

"I can't go out with you Saturday night. I'm planning on breaking up with your sorry ass Friday night."

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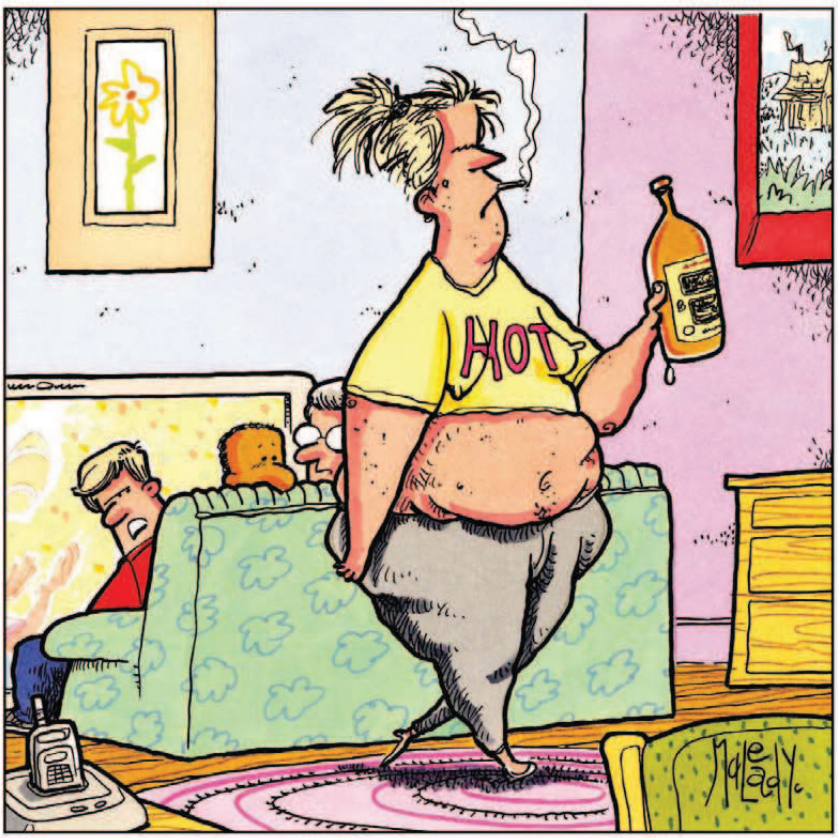
"Howard, you have anything for Goodwill that you don't use anymore?!"



"My wife's not a MILF, she's a MILK: a mother I'd like to kill."

(continued from page 72) shitty blow from a Jamaican in the bar's parking lot, we go inside. Shannon, the proprietor, watches the three borderline streetwalkers slither past him.

"Fayner's back!" he shouts. "Who needs a shot?!"

Mission accomplished, we trek back to the house, ready for the next round. Opening the door, we see Bobby's fiancée, the last person on Earth who should be here. She and her friends are toasted, and they're not leaving. The strippers flee to their rooms. Bobby and his fiancée exchange some words while her gal pals threaten the strippers through the locked doors. I would call this a definite low point in the evening.

Miraculously the uninvited guests eventually vacate and the second show gets underway. Lexi and Christina move from victim to victim, sucking the guys dry—moneywise, that is. There's some bickering over cash they're apparently owed for the second show, and the fact that I sucked all the nitrous from the whipped cream cans they employ in the lesbian portion of the program, but the differences are soon smoothed over and the finale proceeds without further misadventure.

After the show, the strippers, free from work obligations, can finally enjoy themselves. But their consumption of mind-altering substances has caught up with them, so they crawl back to their rooms. As I sit on the front porch smoking a butt, a guest tells me he's bummed 'cause Lexi promised to shower with him for $200. "But she's passed out," he says. "I can't wait all night. I have to get back to my wife." "Fuck that!" I reply. "I don't think she'd mind you going in there and waking her up." He follows my advice, but returns 30 seconds later. "She slapped me," he pouts. "Yeah," I inform him, "she does that."

Drugs exhausted along with the revelers, the house quiets down. The strippers emerge periodically to smoke joints and scout for anyone ready to exchange money for sex, but when no one seems interested they finally turn in. I wake very early and help clear the debris, then head into town with Testa for breakfast. Bobby calls while I sip my coffee. "Holy shit, I had the best time ever! Those chicks were such pigs! Everyone's been calling to tell me what a great party it was! Thanks so much!"

So there you have it: I manage to get three whores to a secluded island without stern consequence. The house, limo, plane, booze and drugs are all taken care of, and I end up forking over only $80 total for the whole trip. Finally, I can sleep soundly. Finally, I am a winner.

After ten years knee-deep in L.A.'s debauched porn scene, Scott Fayner decided to head back to Boston to grow up and search for a wife who's never been banged on video. He currently publishes an online dog magazine, Massarf.com, while still finding time to write the occasional HUSTLER piece.

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HUSTLER'S ULTIMATE VAMPIRE MOVIE!
WRITTEN AND DRAWN BY NOEL ANDERSON
IT'S GETTING SO YOU CAN'T SWING A CAT WITHOUT HITTING A VAMPIRE THESE DAYS, BUT NOT THE GOOD KIND! TV SHOWS LIKE VAMPIRE DIARIES AND MOVIES LIKE TWILIGHT HAVE RUINED IT FOR EVERYONE!
SHOULDN'T VAMPIRES BE SCARY? THESE NEW EMASCULATED, CRYBABY, EMO-VAMPIRES POSE ABOUT AS BIG OF A THREAT AS TOM DELAY DID OF WINNING DANCING WITH THE STARS!
CREATURES OF THE NIGHT SHOULD HAVE AN INSATIABLE LUST FOR BLOOD! IT SHOULD BE AN OBSESSION, LIKE GOVERNOR MARK SANFORD'S ADDICTION TO ARGENTINE MISTRESSES! IT'S TIME FOR HUSTLER TO BRING YOU A REAL LEERING, LUSTY VAMPIRE TALE!
THE GOOD STUFF
SUCK IT TO ME!
HUSTLER
BORN TO DRAW!
COMIC BOOKS
COUNTESS BATHORY
THE ARTIST IS IN!
SKETCH BOOK
100 SHEET

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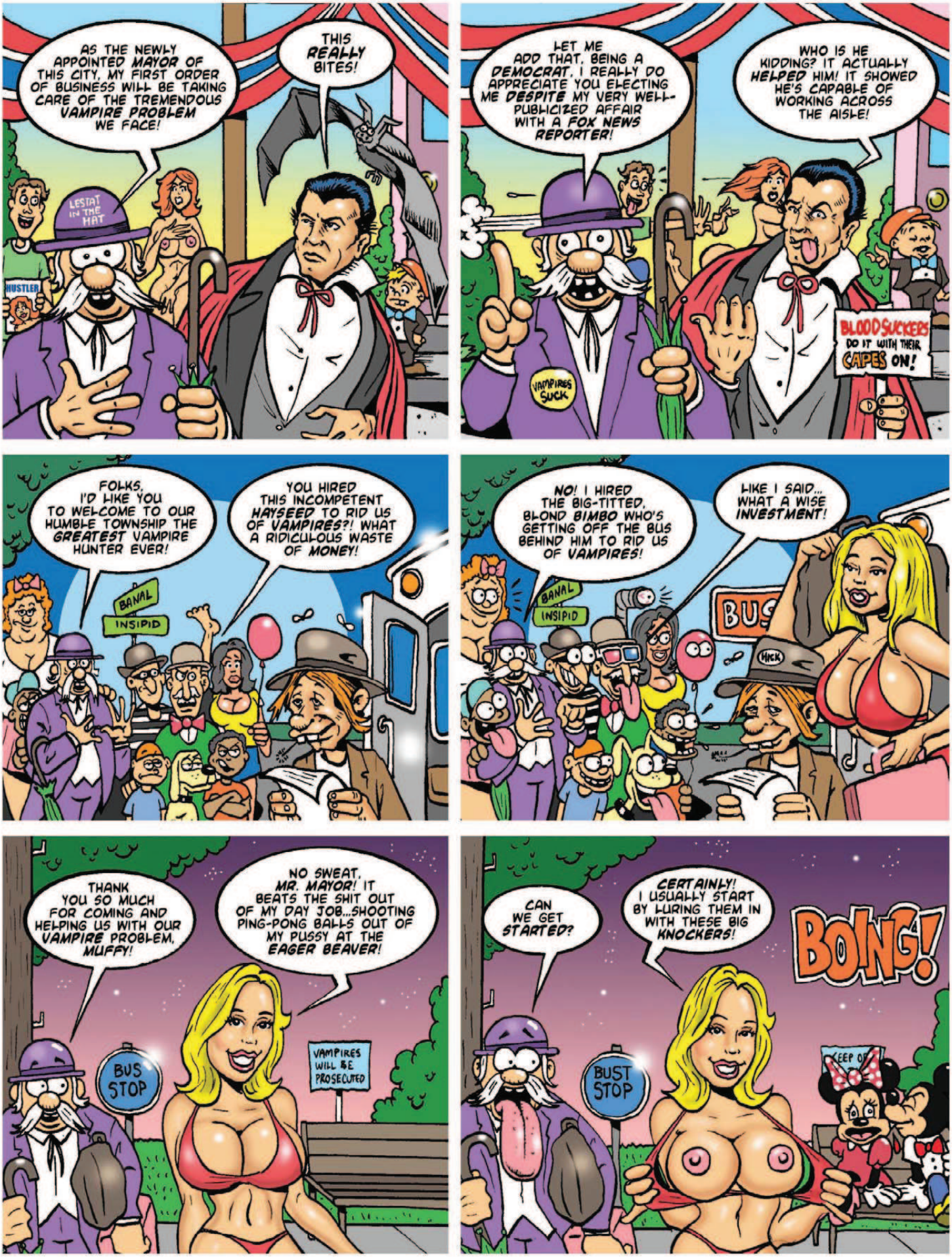
AS THE NEWLY APPOINTED MAYOR OF THIS CITY, MY FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS WILL BE TAKING CARE OF THE TREMENDOUS VAMPIRE PROBLEM WE FACE!
THIS REALLY BITES!
LESTAT IN THE HAT
HUSTLER
LET ME ADD THAT, BEING A DEMOCRAT, I REALLY DO APPRECIATE YOU ELECTING ME DESPITE MY VERY WELL-PUBLICIZED AFFAIR WITH A FOX NEWS REPORTER!
WHO IS HE KIDDING? IT ACTUALLY HELPED HIM! IT SHOWED HE'S CAPABLE OF WORKING ACROSS THE AISLE!
VAMPIRES SUCK
BLOODSUCKERS DO IT WITH THEIR CAPES ON!
FOLKS, I'D LIKE YOU TO WELCOME TO OUR HUMBLE TOWNSHIP THE GREATEST VAMPIRE HUNTER EVER!
YOU HIRED THIS INCOMPETENT HAYSEED TO RID US OF VAMPIRES?! WHAT A RIDICULOUS WASTE OF MONEY!
BANAL
INSIPID
NO! I HIRED THE BIG-TITTED, BLOND BIMBO WHO'S GETTING OFF THE BUS BEHIND HIM TO RID US OF VAMPIRES!
LIKE I SAID... WHAT A WISE INVESTMENT!
BANAL
INSIPID
HICK
THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING AND HELPING US WITH OUR VAMPIRE PROBLEM, MUFFY!
NO SWEAT, MR. MAYOR! IT BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF MY DAY JOB...SHOOTING PING-PONG BALLS OUT OF MY PUSSY AT THE EAGER BEAVER!
BUS STOP
VAMPIRES WILL BE PROSECUTED
CAN WE GET STARTED?
CERTAINLY! I USUALLY START BY LURING THEM IN WITH THESE BIG KNOCKERS!
BOING!
BUST STOP

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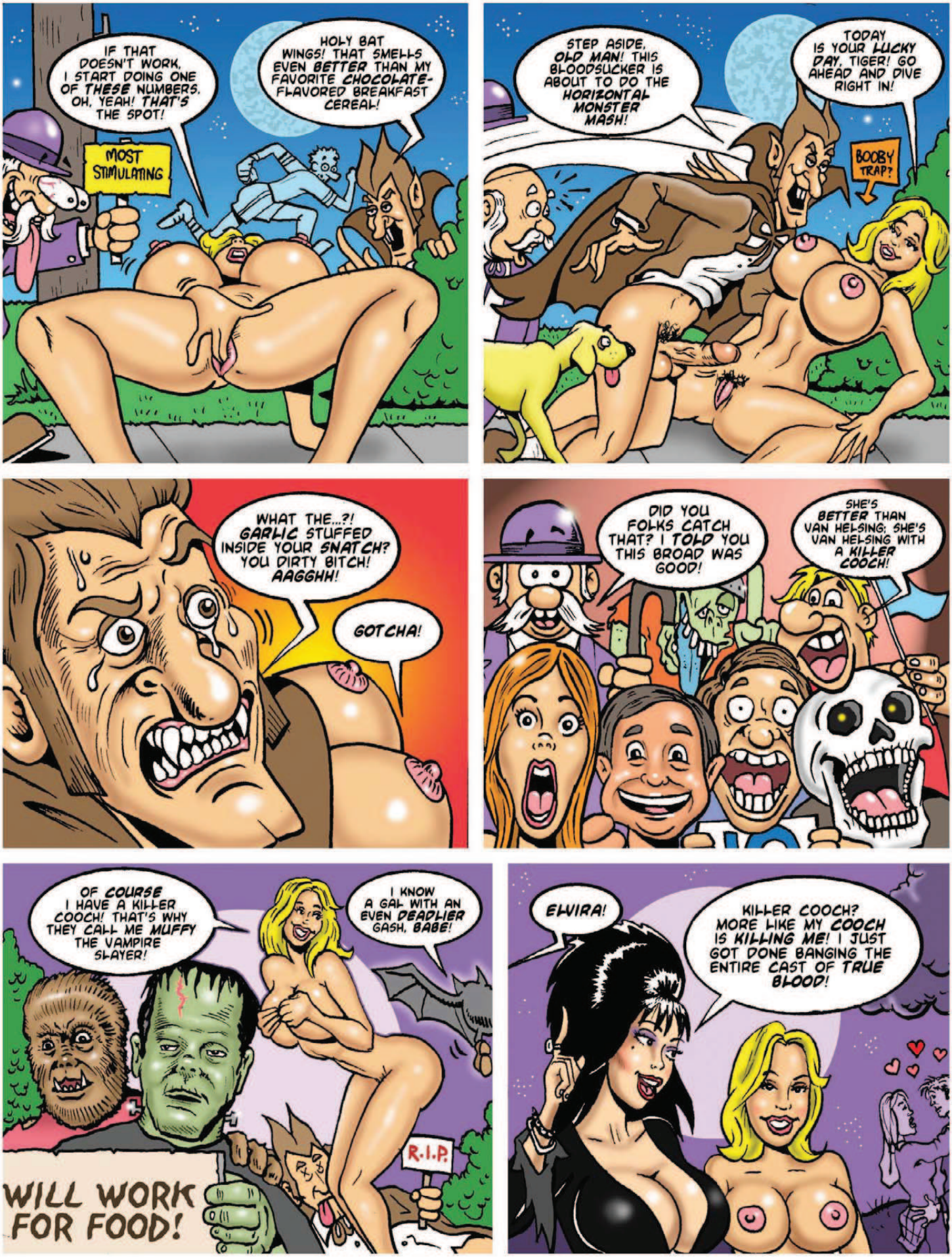
IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, I START DOING ONE OF THESE NUMBERS. OH, YEAH! THAT'S THE SPOT!
MOST STIMULATING
HOLY BAT WINGS! THAT SMELLS EVEN BETTER THAN MY FAVORITE CHOCOLATE-FLAVORED BREAKFAST CEREAL!
STEP ASIDE, OLD MAN! THIS BLOODSUCKER IS ABOUT TO DO THE HORIZONTAL MONSTER MASH!
TODAY IS YOUR LUCKY DAY, TIGER! GO AHEAD AND DIVE RIGHT IN!
BOOBY TRAP?
WHAT THE...?! GARLIC STUFFED INSIDE YOUR SNATCH? YOU DIRTY BITCH! AAGGHH!
GOTCHA!
DID YOU FOLKS CATCH THAT? I TOLD YOU THIS BROAD WAS GOOD!
SHE'S BETTER THAN VAN HELSING; SHE'S VAN HELSING WITH A KILLER COOCH!
OF COURSE I HAVE A KILLER COOCH! THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME MUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER!
I KNOW A GAL WITH AN EVEN DEADLIER GASH, BABE!
R.I.P.
WILL WORK FOR FOOD!
ELVIRA!
KILLER COOCH? MORE LIKE MY COOCH IS KILLING ME! I JUST GOT DONE BANGING THE ENTIRE CAST OF TRUE BLOOD!

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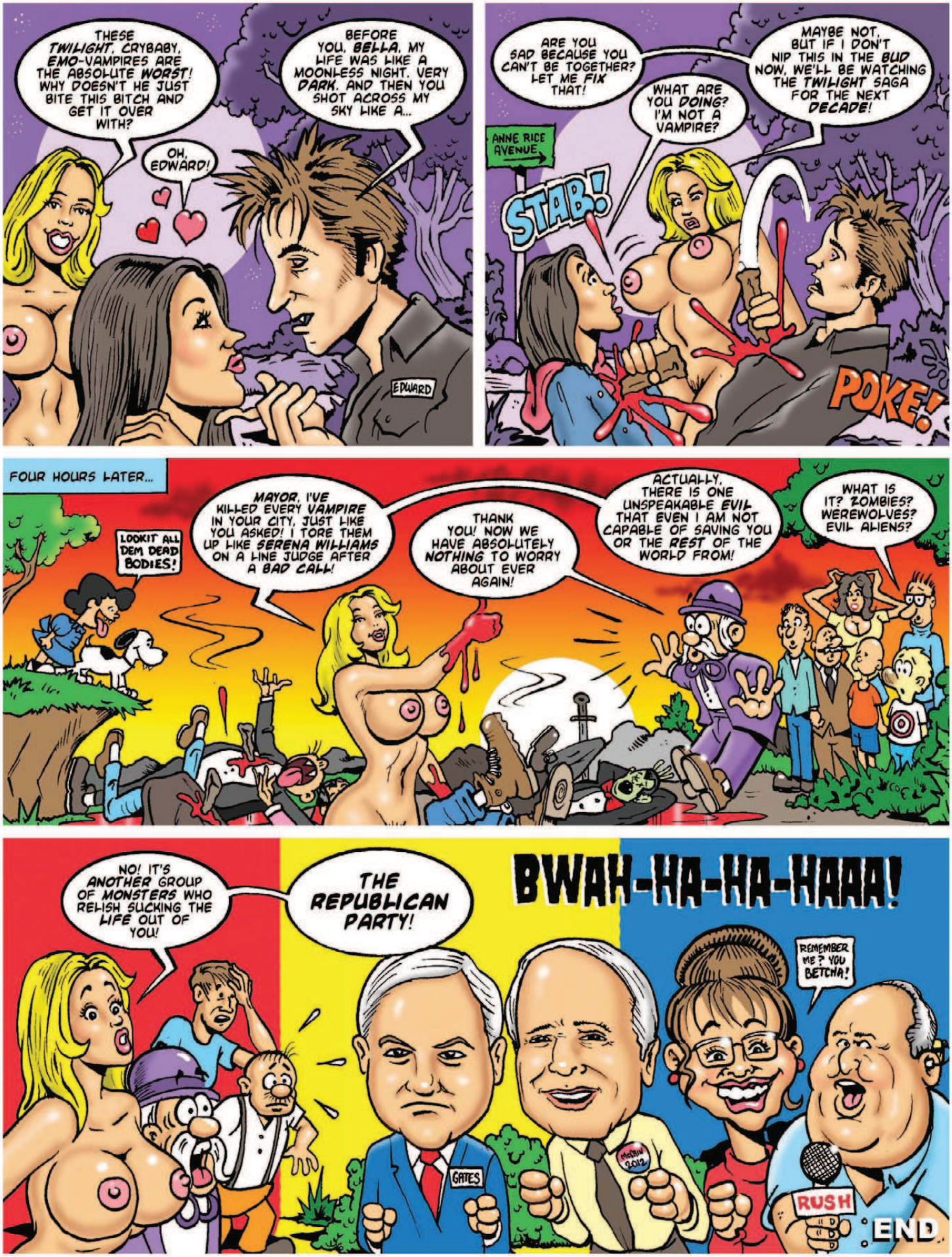
THESE TWILIGHT, CRYBABY, EMO-VAMPIRES ARE THE ABSOLUTE WORST! WHY DOESN'T HE JUST BITE THIS BITCH AND GET IT OVER WITH?
OH, EDWARD!
BEFORE YOU, BELLA, MY LIFE WAS LIKE A MOONLESS NIGHT, VERY DARK. AND THEN YOU SHOT ACROSS MY SKY LIKE A...
EDWARD
ARE YOU SAD BECAUSE YOU CAN'T BE TOGETHER? LET ME FIX THAT!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I'M NOT A VAMPIRE?
MAYBE NOT, BUT IF I DON'T NIP THIS IN THE BUD NOW, WE'LL BE WATCHING THE TWILIGHT SAGA FOR THE NEXT DECADE!
ANNE RICE AVENUE
STAB!
POKE!
FOUR HOURS LATER...
LOOKIT ALL DEM DEAD BODIES!
MAYOR, I'VE KILLED EVERY VAMPIRE IN YOUR CITY, JUST LIKE YOU ASKED! I TORE THEM UP LIKE SERENA WILLIAMS ON A LINE JUDGE AFTER A BAD CALL!
THANK YOU! NOW WE HAVE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT EVER AGAIN!
ACTUALLY, THERE IS ONE UNSPEAKABLE EVIL THAT EVEN I AM NOT CAPABLE OF SAVING YOU OR THE REST OF THE WORLD FROM!
WHAT IS IT? ZOMBIES? WEREWOLVES? EVIL ALIENS?
NO! IT'S ANOTHER GROUP OF MONSTERS WHO RELISH SUCKING THE LIFE OUT OF YOU!
THE REPUBLICAN PARTY!
BWAH-HA-HA-HAAA!
REMEMBER ME? YOU BETCHA!
GATES
RUSH
END

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BY CELESTE GONZALEZ

COUGARS UNLEASHED #76

ANASTASIA FOXX

AGE: 40 / LOCATION: ROCK HILL, SC

This is a column dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

"To hell with it! What's the worst that could happen?" That was this sassy Southern belle's attitude about first auditioning as a stripper at the age of 33. Once Anastasia began to seduce the pole, the club hired her on the spot. "I realized how much I loved it, although I still get nervous when I get onstage," she tells us.

"When I was dancing in Nashville," Anastasia recalls, "the younger men would wait to talk to me. There were nights when I was absolutely exhausted because too many of them were after me." Now working at the Crazy Horse of Rock Hill (formerly Emerson's), she still finds herself attracting a much younger male audience. "I think they find me to be sexually confident off the stage as well as on."

Anastasia's self-confidence has never been higher: "This is the body that I've earned, and if someone doesn't like it, they don't have to look at it, which means they're not invited to my bed. My sex life is more active now than when I was younger, and I'm more willing to experiment."

What does she mean by experiment? Anastasia gladly reveals the details of a drunken night with her boyfriend—and a girlfriend: "I ended up blindfolded with my hands and feet tied to a bedpost while they experimented with what would fit in my ass: a dozen plastic spoons, a set of car keys, a lit candle and a can of Red Bull. Just not all at once!"

Many women feel obligated to play it safe once they hit the big 4-0, but not Anastasia. For this uninhibited cougar it's been the start of a whole new outlook on life.

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST OLDER WOMEN!

PHOTOS BY NIKKI NEFARIOUS OF ALTERED APERTURE PHOTOGRAPHY

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SCREEN NAME:

Sarah James

AGE: 21

STATUS: SINGLE

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 736

LOCATION: NOVA SCOTIA, CANADA

URL: MYSPACE.COM/XO_MISSWORLD_OX

Sarah James finds posing nude extremely liberating and a huge turn-on. While she describes herself as a dominant and aggressive lover, Sarah's main goal is to please her partner—even in the harshest conditions.

"In high school," she recalls, "I snuck out of the house in the middle of the night to meet an ex-boyfriend's much-older brother. It was wintertime, and we ended up fucking in the middle of a baseball field with only his jacket separating us from the frozen ground."

Sarah's also not shy about using a riding crop in the bedroom or having herself a threesome. "Another ex-boyfriend was home for a visit," the kinky Canuck confides, "and we ended up making out almost as soon as he got inside the house. The next thing I knew, his brother was behind me, taking off my clothes and kissing my neck. I ended up having sex with both of them multiple times that night."

If you're looking to catch Sarah's attention, it's all about confidence and the way you carry yourself—and tattoos won't hurt. Just don't expect anything too serious. This fiery spirit has a lot more wild oats to sow: "I'm too young to be tied down, and I love the freedom."

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BY MICHELLE McCARTHY

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #42

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or e-mail ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY WFORREST PHOTOGRAPHY

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PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

TODD RUNDGREN
IT'S A MYSTICAL THING

We stopped by Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp to catch up with the prince of power pop to talk about music's mystical powers, the crash of the New Cars and a possible Utopia reunion.

HUSTLER: How did you get involved with Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy Camp?

TODD RUNDGREN: David Fishof, the producer of Fantasy Camp, was at one time a concert promoter. He promoted a tour with Ringo Starr & His All-Starr Band. I got involved and toured with Ringo in the U.S.

Then David got into the whole rock camp idea. I happened to be in London doing some press at the same time they were doing a camp there. David said, "Why don't you just come down for a couple hours and talk to the campers." That's kind of what it's about: to give them some firsthand experience. I stopped in and did a Q&A.

For those who don't know, what is Rock Camp about?

It's not as much music strictly. It's about campers getting a taste of the various aspects of the life of a professional musician. They get to do a recording session. They get to do a live gig as well. They get the experience of people who have been doing it for lots of years.

What advice do you have for aspiring rockers?

There's not a lot of advice to be given. It's not as if the people that come here come to start a career. They come here to take a little break from whatever their career actually is. Mostly it's encouragement. I'm happy to encourage them because it's a reminder of the mystical element of music that draws people to it. When you are a professional playing all the time, you sometimes forget what it's like for someone outside of the business.

There are very few things that get everyone in the room on the same page. Once the beat starts and the chorus kicks in, everybody's head is in that space. That takes me back to the first time I got into a room with four other guys, and we tried to play together.

Elliot Easton is also a counselor here today. Are you guys planning any more work together as the New Cars?

It's not that we planned not to, but the stars didn't align. We did a whole eight months preparation for the launch of the New Cars, and then three weeks into our tour we had an accident on the bus, and Elliot broke his collarbone. Our entire summer tour that was

THE DIRTY DOZEN
12 NEW DISCS YOU NEED

JAY-Z
The Blueprint 3

Damn, Jigga went did it again! The hip-hop genius's new disc is a slammin' collection of head-bobbin' dope jams sure to get any party started. (Man, that makes us sound so white.) Highlights include "Run This Town" (featuring Rihanna and Kanye West) and "Empire State of Mind" (featuring Alicia Keys).

JANET JACKSON
Number Ones

Forget who her brother was. The little girl from *Good Times* grew into quite a solid pop star. Her two-disc best-of collection is loaded with plenty of familiar sing-along hits blasting that early-'90s funk sound she (and producers Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis) helped invent.

W.A.S.P.
Babylon

Never one for subtlety, Blackie Lawless and his bastard band of outlaws blast back with another in-your-face aural assault of hard rock. This may be the metal madman's most inspired and introspective effort to date. A thoughtful W.A.S.P. record ain't as scary as it sounds.

EELS
End Times

Frontman Mark Everett (a/k/a E) is never going to write the "feel-good hit of the year." He transforms the pain inside and around him into pop masterworks. The Eels's latest CD takes on the desperate times in which we live, with beautiful results.

THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS
Here Comes Science

The quirky New York duo has gone from college radio phenoms to gurus of family-friendly rock that can teach you something. This CD-and-DVD package might help your kids and, hell, even your GED-holding ass learn a thing or two.

PINK
Funhouse Tour: Live in Australia

Pink live? Really, who cares? Wait! Is that her ripping through covers of AC/DC's "Highway to Hell" and Led Zeppelin's "Babe I'm Gonna Leave You"? Goddamn, Pink live rocks! Wait, is she doing Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" too?

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MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

VAMPIRE WEEKEND
Contra

The indie rockers return with another disc of clever pop hooks blended with eclectic rhythms and sounds. Which is great, but what we really need to know is who's the hot preppy girl on the cover, and how can we get in touch with her?

NIRVANA
Bleach: Deluxe Edition

The seminal Seattle grunge rockers' debut disc, which cost less than 700 bucks to record, has been remastered and reissued in supercool packaging. The standard two-CD set features the original album and a bonus live disc. The Deluxe Edition features the disc, plus white vinyl and tons of pictures of Kurt Cobain and company's early days.

ALLISON MOORER
Crows

The red-hot, redheaded temptress's latest CD is all about her voice—one that burns with such a sex-filled intensity you may have to change your pants. Wrap that around a collection of country-tinged folk rock, and you have the perfect soundtrack to a night of romance. Even if you're alone.

MARILLION
Less Is More

Although known for soaring and epic prog rock creations, the Brits' latest disc is a very quaint affair full of acoustic gems and yearning-filled ballads. Hey, Marillion, unplugged is pretty good.

BRUCE KULICK
BK3

Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley have never been good at giving credit where it's due. Case in point: their onetime guitarist Bruce Kulick, who crafted amazing licks during KISS's no-makeup years. *BK3*, the master ax-man's latest solo CD, is a sonic blast of pure rock.

ELVIS PRESLEY
Elvis 75: Good Rockin' Tonight

You could subtitle this impressive four-CD box *Hunka Hunka Burnin' Rock*. Released to celebrate what would have been the King of Rock 'n' Roll's 75th birthday, it's the most comprehensive Elvis collection ever. Everything is here, from the earliest Sun Records sessions to his bloated late-'70s Vegas shows. Thank you very much.

going to capitalize on all that promotion suddenly came to an end.

The other issue was the fact that we had to be called the New Cars instead of just the Cars. If we had been the Cars, everyone would have known what to expect. But we couldn't get Ric Ocasek to agree to let us use the name.

Your latest CD, *Arena*, is a return to rock. Was that intentional?

It was always going to be a rock record and a guitar-oriented record. It relates to Elliot's accident. Because when we had no tour, I had to do something. I had to play. So I think I reminded my audience of when they discovered me originally as a guitar player fronting Utopia.

Any chance of a Utopia reunion?

I don't deal much in absolutes because anything is possible. We have tried at various times to get the ducks in a row to do it. It just hasn't worked out. Knowing that, I wouldn't promise anyone that it would ever happen. Things have changed a lot. Roger [Powell] is now a senior engineer at Apple Computer. He can't take months off to go traveling around the world. I'd say, honestly, it's unlikely. But never say never. Anything is possible.

Because You Can't Watch Just Porn

DVD DISTRACTIONS

JENNIFER'S BODY

Megan Fox is so hot, it doesn't even matter that she really can't act and that this vampire flick is often unintentionally funny. In it she wears cleavage-revealing blouses and short skirts. Plus Megan kisses girls and bites boys. What more do you need?

THE SIMPSONS: THE COMPLETE TWENTIETH SEASON

Hey, hey! Television's longest-running animated series celebrates another milestone by putting its entire 20th season (the first in high-definition) on DVD and Blu-ray. Don't worry, chronologically obsessed *Simpsons* fanboys; Fox will be releasing seasons 13 through 19 soon.

FARSCAPE: THE COMPLETE SERIES

The sci-fi cult classic about an astronaut involved in a freak accident that blasts him thousands of galaxies away, smack in the middle of an alien battleground, is finally on DVD! Produced by Brian Henson (CEO of The Jim Henson Company), *Farscape* is the cleverest series since *Space 1999*, only with much better graphics.

FOOD, INC.

You are what you eat, and after watching this in-depth and fascinating documentary about how your food gets to you, you may rethink what you stuff in your piehole. What *An Inconvenient Truth* did for your environmental concerns, *Food, Inc.* will do for your grocery list.

KEVIN SMITH: 3-MOVIE COLLECTION

This great Blu-ray box set features the director's best films—*Clerks*, *Chasing Amy* and *Jay and Silent Bob Strike Back*—all in one handy package. Thankfully, Smith's lesser titles—*Dogma*, *Mallrats* and *Clerks 2*—are not included.

MONTY PYTHON: ALMOST THE TRUTH (THE LAWYER'S CUT)

And now for something completely…the same. This comprehensive, multi-disc set takes a thorough look at England's greatest comedy troupe. It is packed with interviews, peeks behind the scenes and all the silly walks, dead parrots and spam you can handle.

THE TRANSFORMERS V.01 COMPLETE ANIMATED SERIES

Before *Transformers* was transformed into big-budget blockbusters starring Megan Fox and Shia LeBeouf, it was a geek-tastic animated series. This collection culls every episode into one transformative package.

MEAT LOAF: BAT OUT OF HELL—THE ORIGINAL TOUR

Captured at his theatrical best in 1978 is the original diner-specialty-named rocker Meat Loaf performing his now-legendary album *Bat out of Hell* live. This DVD will have you screaming, "More Meat Loaf, please!"

TOP GEAR

The latest seasons (11 and 12) of the world's most popular automotive show are available on DVD. *Top Gear* pushes the boundaries of your average motoring program with celebrity guests, outrageous stunts and some of the hottest cars in the world.

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ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

HERE COMES THE RAIN AGAIN

Formed in 1978 in Liverpool, England, Echo & the Bunnymen spent the bulk of the 1980s releasing five of the most brilliant and memorable albums of that decade. In 1988 lead singer Ian McCulloch left the post-punk band to pursue a solo career, and drummer Pete de Freitas was killed in a motorcycle accident.

The remaining members—guitarist Will Sergeant and bassist Les Pattinson—tried unsuccessfully to keep the band alive with a new singer. Then in 1997, McCulloch and Sergeant teamed up in a new group named Electrafixion. But the duo soon realized that they had to revive Echo & the Bunnymen.

Since then, McCulloch and Sergeant have gone on to release just as many Echo & the Bunnymen CDs in the past decade as the original lineup did in its heyday. Recently the band hit the road with an orchestra to play their classic album *Ocean Rain* in its entirety. We caught up with lead singer Ian "Mac" McCulloch in L.A.

HUSTLER: I understand you had very specific requests for doing this interview. Sorry, I'm not a blonde with double Ds, but I did bring a stack of magazines.

IAN McCULLOCH: Great! (*Flips through several issues of HUSTLER.*)

The next time you're in town, we could get some naked girls to sit around with us.

Yeah, call them up and invite them to the show next time! Back in the '80s, Pete [de Freitas] and I were asked to do a photo-shoot with some naked women. I think it might have been *Playboy*. They're the ones with the Bunnies, right? Someone thought "Bunnymen" and Bunny girls. We never did it, though. Wish we had.

What's *Playboy*?

Exactly. (*Laughs.*)

Why did you decide to play all of *Ocean Rain* live?

It came up about two years ago while I was talking with my friend Steve Strange [not the singer from Visage], and I said that I wanted to get back into different kinds of venues. I didn't want to just keep doing the same circuit you can end up doing. You know, when an album comes out, you play the same clubs. That all becomes a bit obvious. I thought I would love to play the album whole again. I thought we should do *Ocean Rain* at Royal Albert Hall, since that's the best venue, really. I wanted to have like a year to sell tickets, but then it sold out so quickly.

As soon as that happened, I thought, *We've gotta take this to other places. First to New York's Carnegie Hall.* I've always wanted to play there because of Sinatra and whatever. Then our agent came back and said, "It's too small. You have to do Radio City [Music Hall]." That sold out as well. Six thousand.

Why *Ocean Rain* instead of any other?

Because it's the orchestrated one. It's now considered a classic. When it first came out, the head of the record company asked me, "What's it like?" I said, "It's the greatest album ever made." He wrote that down, and that became the phrase to launch the album. That alienated some people at the time, especially English journalists. They like to be the ones to tell you what is great. The album is up there in the top 100 on most best-of lists.

Did anything surprise you when revisiting the material?

Yes, it did with doing "Thorn of Crowns." When I wrote it, I thought it was just gibberish. It does make sense live now. Now it makes more sense lyrically. Then "Nocturnal Me" sounds sexy now. Back then I never thought of that as directed towards a girl. It was more spiritual: "Take me. Take me, boy." But now, especially after seeing some pictures in HUSTLER, it's very sexual.

Do you plan to play other albums in their entirety?

There's an idea that next tour maybe we'll do our albums *Crocodiles* and *Heaven Up Here* back-to-back—almost as a lesson or master class for budding bands. If you want to make two real band albums, this is how it's done. The guitarist from Red Hot Chili Peppers [John Frusciante] said that about them. I've always said our albums felt to me like they would take 20 to 25 years for people to say, "Fucking brilliant!" It's happened like that. I wish it hadn't.

How important is it to keep making new material and not just be a nostalgia act?

It's what's most important. *The Fountain*, our new album, features one of the best songs I've ever written: "The Idolness of Gods." That's for me. I think more about words now and how to play with them. This touring has stopped me from being so fidgety in my brain. Normally I'd be making anagrams out of everything that you say.

These shows have calmed me down a bit. I wanted to do more new songs on this tour, but because of the *Ocean Rain* thing you can't. Then again, I don't want to tour just new things either. The balance always has to make sense and have a natural flow with a climax. (*Ian smiles as he thumbs through one of the HUSTLERs.*)

Do you have any preshow rituals?

Usually it's to drink a little bit but not get hammered anymore. That doesn't always happen though. (*Laughs.*) It's pointless to do a show like this bongoed, although I was bongoed at the Radio City Music Hall show—but not from drinking. Prior to that show I hadn't slept in a few days. I was in the cab thinking, *You fucking stupid bastard.* But then I stepped through the door of Radio City, and it was like going through some weird invisible field of well-being and healing.

That's why they call it "the healing floor."

I've heard "doctor stage," but "the healing floor"? I like that. But it was even prior to the stage. The minute I got into the building, I thought, *This is fantastic. This is Radio City.* We played there back in 1985, and I didn't enjoy it. It was a tough stage to go on, and I was a bit intimidated back then. But I loved it this time.

Do you have any crazy groupie stories?

Yeah. I remember there was some mad girl who followed the band to Phoenix from Los Angeles. She found out what hotel we were in, and she stood outside my room door knocking all night. I was a bit out of my mind. I was trying not to breathe too loud, pretending I wasn't there. I remember going up to the eyehole every so often, and she'd still be there whispering, "Ian? Ian?" It went on for eight hours, and then I had the tour manager get her thrown out of the hotel. It was freaky. Just one of many mad nights.

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"I know you faked that orgasm. That's okay; I was a master at it when I was married."

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PHOTO BY SAYED BALKHI

Tuition-fee hikes ignited campus protests throughout California, including a massive walkout by UCLA students and faculty.

SIGN OF THE TIMES

LEARNING THEY'LL HAVE TO PAY MORE TO STAY IN SCHOOL, CALIFORNIA COLLEGE STUDENTS EXPRESS THEIR RAGE.

Uncertainty continues to reign at California's public colleges and universities. Many students may drop out—but not because they loathe lectures, writing term papers and boning up for exams.

In July 2009, after lawmakers had slashed education budgets statewide by hundreds of millions of dollars, the California State University and community college systems raised tuition fees 20% and 30% respectively. Then, just before Thanksgiving, the University of California announced a 32% tuition-fee increase for all ten UC campuses. Of course, students were outraged, and they demanded to be heard.

Back in July, hundreds of CSU students gathered outside the chancellor's office in Long Beach to adamantly voice their disapproval. By late November, UC students were echoing their sentiments.

"We did have several protests which were organized over Facebook and had quite large turnouts," recalled Jon Seibert, 21, a chemical engineering major at UC San Diego. There were also walkouts, sit-ins and even building takeovers at several other UC campuses, including Berkeley, Santa Cruz and UCLA.

But it's not just higher fees that are angering students and faculty members alike. "It upsets me that tuition is going up," complained Gina Alessi, 20, a graphic design student at CSU Fullerton, "but at the same time they are cutting classes left and right and mandating furlough days [for faculty and staffers]. Why are we paying more and getting less?"

The answer is simple. CSU, the nation's largest university system with 23 campuses, was hit by a $584-million budget cut. As for the University of California, state allocations were reduced by $637 million for the 2010-11 school year. By increasing tuition, it expects to raise about $505 million to help offset the money lost.

Meanwhile, CSU and UC students have been forced to deal with the downside of the budget cuts. "The number of classes offered has been diminished, and funding for several student associations has been severely cut," said Seibert, a member of the UC San Diego crew team. "Several of the local crew teams have lost funding, which affects the amount of racing my team will be able to do this year."

Although students at California's community colleges have had their tuition fees increased by only $6 per unit, they are also impacted by the budget cuts. "A friend of mine just told me that he tried to pick up classes at three different community colleges and was shocked to learn that all the classes he wanted were filled," said Anibal Ortiz, 23, a Pierce College communications major who hopes to transfer to CSU Fullerton.

"The way this budget is coming down, some things are already targeted," added Dr. Joy McCaslin, Pierce's interim president, in an interview with this reporter. "The state chancellor's office is asking us to reduce classes and our student services. We're having to cut programs—we're not eliminating anything."

But not just students are suffering; so are faculty members. "I think the furlough days have really upset a lot of people," said Alessi. Under the CSU chancellor's plan, nearly all of the system's 47,000 employees will be forced to take two furlough days a month along with a 10% pay cut.

There have not been any recent mass protests, and some students wondered if they'd been effective. "I feel they have opened a lot of eyes to what is happening but are not solving the problem," said Lorna Brennan, 21, a nursing student at CSU Chico.

Seibert understood why students exercised their right to protest but also acknowledged a grim reality: "The decision [to raise tuition fees] is necessary due to economic conditions, not driven by greed or caused by state finances being squandered on useless earmark projects. The protests were never going to have an effect. The situation is unfortunate, and I doubt many that approved [budget cuts] were happy about it."

As the old saying goes, it's always darkest before the dawn. But for cash-strapped California college students, it's high noon, and the sun isn't shining.

Emily Kelley, an award-winning high school journalist from Paso Robles, California, was accepted into CSU Northridge but enrolled at Pierce College to save money. Now a sophomore, she is News Editor of Pierce's student newspaper, *The Roundup*, and a blogger at Internships.com.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues, etc.—please contact us at *Features@LFP.com*. If you get the green light, Larry Flynt will send you a check with his name on it. Besides the financial windfall, a HUSTLER story will look good on your résumé.

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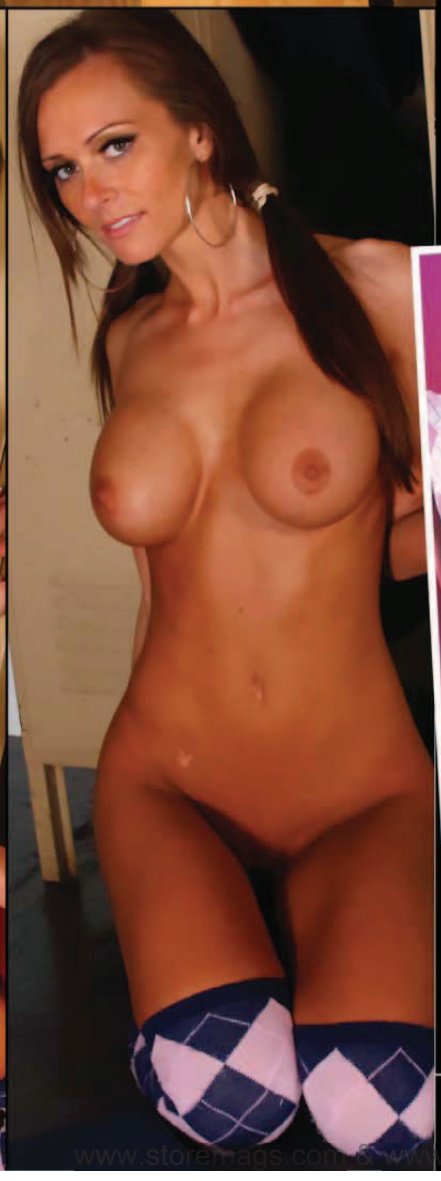

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions on the form on page 135 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

PAIGE PRESLEY

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT CHICAGO

"I think it's sexy and glamorous to be a guy's fantasy," proclaims this UIC nursing major, explaining why she wished to appear in HUSTLER. Nevertheless, Paige is actually very shy and serious when it comes to her schoolwork; none of her fellow students would believe she has such a naughty and playful side.

"I love doing sexy videos for my Web site," the 23-year-old says of her most risqué extracurricular activity. But Paige's first love has always been dance, and she would like to open up her own dance studio some time in the near future. Meanwhile, the photogenic coed is far too busy meeting and dating men who will cater to her every want and need.

PHOTO BY RYAN O'CONNOR

Recalling the kinkiest thing she's ever done, Paige confides, "I once tied my boyfriend to a bedpost because he'd been naughty. For his punishment, I took one of his credit cards and went shopping. It felt so good driving back after spending his money, knowing he was tied up and waiting for me. We had really great sex afterwards."

Paige, who refers to herself as monogamous when she's really into a guy, doesn't like to share him with anyone. But he must measure up if they're going to have her kind of relationship. "I love to play dress up for my man," Paige acknowledges, "and I expect to be spoiled in return. Tattoos and money also turn me on."

For much more, visit **PaigeXXXpresley.com**.

PHOTOS BY SKYY'S THE LIMIT PHOTOGRAPHY

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BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

***Titlicious**: Rebecca Lane and Melissa Lauren coin a new word.*

Titlicious

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: CASSANDRA CALOGERA, SHYLA STYLEZ, MELISSA LAUREN, CHAVON TAYLOR, REBECCA LANE, JAMES DEEN, MICK BLUE, SCOTT NAILS & TONY DE SERGIO.

No reinventing the wheel here, folks, just wall-to-wall wide-angle tits. Cassandra Calogera's major danglers open the show in bulbous style, along with the fleshy Latina's fertile good looks. There's something about her that just looks like it can soak up a lot of cum. The rest of the talent is just as tasty, with special mention going to the luscious French dish known as Melissa Lauren. She can take a cock in the ass like a fresh doughnut getting pumped with filling. (Mademoiselle Lauren was actually a pastry chef in Paris before she went into porn.) Curvy Chavon Taylor is the dessert on this disc, kicking off the finale in a cock-hardening nurse's outfit, before getting her natural bounty tit-fucked and frosted with plenty of dick drizzle. *Titlicious* is no exotic delicacy, just a decent five-course helping of your favorite comfort food. Come hungry! ***—M.J.***

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Rated **B/G**: Sunny Leone (with Daisy Marie, below) embarks on her boy/girl **Adventure**.

Sunny's B/G Adventure

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTOR: PAUL THOMAS. STARRING: SUNNY LEONE, DAISY MARIE, TRINA MICHAELS, CLAIRE DAMES, KARLIE MONTANA, DEVI EMMERSON, TOMMY GUNN, ALEX GONZ & VOODOO.

Apparently there's only so long a porn star can get away with fucking just other girls or her boyfriend. This then is the long-drooled-for disc in which Sunny Leone loses her innocence. It starts as promising as a cartoon, with the ridiculously cute Sunny drenched in sunlight, diddling herself in her car, thought bubbles popping up around her. But before long our girl encounters some bad casting (Tommy Gunn as a gallerist?) and crosses the boy/girl point of no return. It's a little sad to see the lovely Sunny get violated by the usual porn trash, and she doesn't look too sure about it either, but business is business. She's also pumped up her boobs, which is a shame since her naturals were perfection. And while we're complaining, it's a shame Vivid didn't pump a little more effort into this Leone landmark. The fun start quickly devolves into a string of typical, arbitrary fuck scenes. But Sunny's a decent performer with the luscious looks of a juicy mango, so your dick won't be complaining. There are a few other chicks on offer, most notably the always-satisfying Daisy Marie in an intense boxing-ring performance that offsets Sunny's lingering meekness. Feast your eyes on Sunny now; she may not look as fresh after a few rounds in the boy/girl thresher. ***—M.J.***

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*Pucker up, boys! Asa Akira, Beti Hana (below left) and Jessica Bangkok (below right) slap on the **Asian Strap**.*

Asian Strap: She Fuck You Long TIme

EVIL ANGEL. DIRECTOR: JOEY SILVERA. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, COCO VELVETT, BETI HANA, JESSICA BANGKOK, KITA ZEN, MIA LELANI, VIN DEACON & WOLF HUDSON.

Haven't you always wanted to be fucked in the ass by a hot chick half your size? Don't lie. This is the first disc in pornmeister Joey Silvera's new fem-dom series, and it features some virtuoso strap-on work from the likes of Asa Akira and Jessica Bangkok (both of whom also star in *Pure*, reviewed on page 118). Even if your preference for anal doesn't involve your own anus, watch this one for the sheer novelty of it. You'll be amazed at how different a chick moves when she has a big fake dick to work with. *Asian Strap* offers the usual humiliation games that fem-dom fans go for, like the willing victim being led around on a leash and forced to suck the dildo before being lubed and abused. Most importantly, it's packed with ultracute Asians who obviously love to indulge their take-charge side. Jessica Bangkok has our vote for the best boob jiggle while pushing a dude's shit in. And if you thought that was painful, wait till she yanks off the nipple clamps! ***—M.J.***

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Babysitters *Zeina Heart and Madison Scott do their job right.*

Barely Legal Babysitters

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILL RYDER. STARRING: ZEINA HEART, LONDON KEYS, MYA MASON, MADISON SCOTT, TAWNI RYDEN, JAY ASHLEY, SCOTT LYONS, TALON & JEREMY STEELE.

This *Barely Legal* installment appears to come from a parallel universe in which all babysitters can't wait to get fucked silly by the dad who hired them—or anybody else for that matter. And they don't even want extra money for it! Naturally, they utter the obligatory "What about your wife?" but usually have their tits out by then. There's a teen for nearly every taste on this quick-and-dirty disc, but we're nominating Mya Mason as the odd-jobber of choice, largely because her bubble boobs and anal willingness probably resemble your wife the least. Mya's hired! But since you always need a backup sitter, keep Madison Scott on speed dial. The bleached-blond, bubblegum cutie can take more than you got, trust us. Why didn't we mention climax star Zeina Heart? So you can feel like you discovered her yourself. Don't forget to tip. To order your own *Barely Legal Babysitters*, turn to page 136. ***—M.J.***

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*Asa Akira keeps it **Pure** while Destiny (above) endures Jessica and Lana's dungeon.*

Pure

EVIL ANGEL. DIRECTOR: DAVID AARON CLARK. STARRING: ASA AKIRA, LANA VIOLET, JESSICA BANGKOK, DESTINY, KENI STYLES, MR. MARCUS, JAKE MALONE & VALENTINO.

David Aaron Clark won a posthumous *AVN* Best Director award for this Asian-themed psychothriller. It's a fitting swan song for the Asiophile director who died suddenly last year, full as it is of dark exoticism and deadly obsessions. A loose remake of the classic Japanese shocker *In the Realm of the Senses*, *Pure* stars Asian flavor of the year Asa Akira as Sada, a neophyte dominatrix in the L.A. fetish scene. Once Asa starts fucking around with the headmistress's man—a plot turn that makes for the movie's most stroke-worthy viewing—she finds herself on a slippery slope. It all ends with a graphic scene that will have you hiding the cutlery from your Asian girlfriend. The three-hour *Pure* has some wasted screen time, underused talent (the lovely Jessica Bangkok for one) and should be more polished than it is, but it's worth watching for the sheer variety: Asa in ropes, Asa being fucked silly, Asa wielding sharp objects—you get the idea. Sada, by the way, was a real true-crime celebrity in 1930s Japan. Yep, these things really happen. So use it before you lose it. ***—M.J.***

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ASA AKIRA
PURE HARD-CORE

Porn's new Asian superstar is living her dream. Honestly.

In just a few short years, Asa Akira has vaulted to the top of every Asian-lover's list. The Japanese-American beauty's recent star turn in the sex thriller *Pure* (reviewed on opposite page) saw her showered with porn-award nominations. Kicking off her exposure as Bubba the Love Sponge's "Show Whore," Asa has since done that title proud in everything from Vouyer Media's *Control Freaks* (reviewed in January '09) to Evil Angel's *Asian Strap: She Fuck You Long Time* (reviewed on page 116). For everything Asa, check out **AsaAkira.com** and **PUBA.com**.

HUSTLER: What's the correct pronunciation of your first name?

ASA AKIRA: AH-sa, rhymes with *que pasa*.

You're first-generation Japanese-American. Do you speak Japanese?

Yes, but I haven't been to Japan in a few years. I've never worked there. I don't like to speak Japanese on camera. That's too weird for me, too personal.

Are you big in Japan?

I have no idea. I haven't been back there since I started doing porn.

Do we have Bubba the Love Sponge to thank for your skin-biz plunge?

Not really. I always wanted to do porn ever since I was way too young to say. I always liked having sex on camera. I used to make home videos. I was also a dominatrix for a while in New York. That was exciting, but it got a little redundant. Plus I'm a little bit more submissive than dominant, even though I like to switch.

What about bondage?

I've done only one scene. I loved it, but I'm kind of a scaredy-cat.

What's the best thing about your job?

I like thinking about someone jerking off watching me fuck.

Are you just saying what we want to hear?

No, I'm being honest!

Is doing porn dangerous?

It's a lot safer than if I were out there having this much casual sex. Honestly, I feel safer in porn.

What's the worst thing about your job?

When I have to work with someone I'm not that into. It's happened to me a couple times. They went straight onto my no list.

Who do you most like working with?

I love working with Jessica Bangkok, but I like working with everyone as long as there's a good vibe. ***—M.J.***

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Dancing *stars Scarlett Fay and Cody Love offer a taste of the new season.*

This Ain't Dancing With the Stars XXX

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: STUART CANTERBURY. STARRING: CODY LOVE, DYLAN RYDER, SINDEE JENNINGS, KIARA DIANE, SCARLETT FAY, DYLAN RILEY, RANDY SPEARS, TONY DE SERGIO, OTTO BAUER & ERIC JOHN.

You didn't ask for this, God knows, but we made it anyway. If you've ever watched *Dancing With the Stars*, you know that one of its few salient charms is the insinuation that all that writhing and rubbing between dance partners leads to fucking behind the scenes. That's the only excuse we can think of for this spoof. Mercifully, the lame dialogue doesn't last too long—and neither do the attempts by porn stars to dance. (There are few things more hilariously inept.) As far as the sex goes, this one's full of bizarre bits, like Otto Bauer and Sindee Jennings fucking on the dance floor to the rhythm of a tango, as well as some naked girl/girl disco dancing with Cody Love and Scarlett Fay (reprising her role as Lindsay Lohan). See this one for the stroke-worthy chicks and for the sheer head-scratching strangeness of it. Sure beats the real show! Order your copy on page 136.

—M.J.

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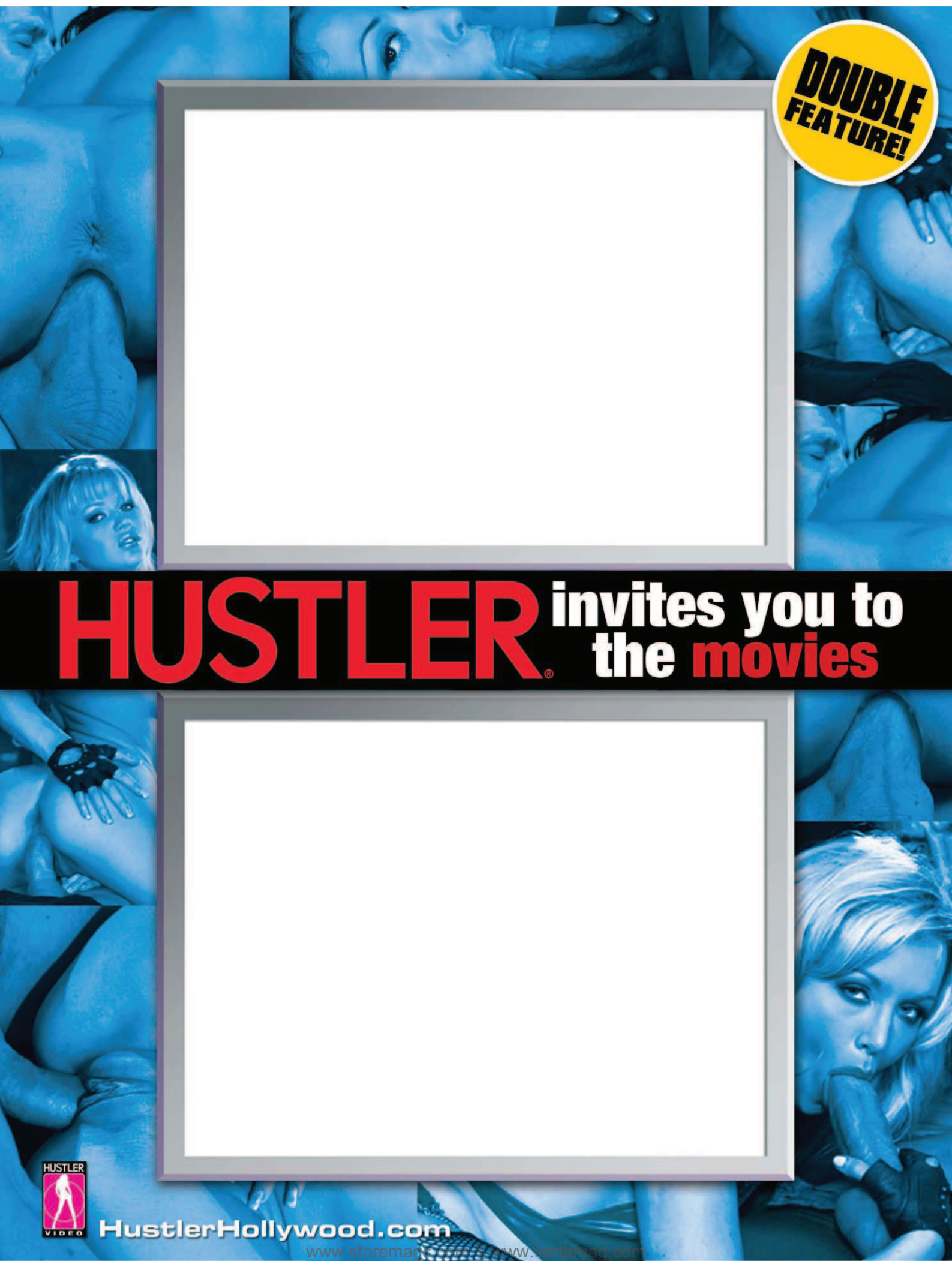

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All my life people have expected me to be one thing," says the one-name wonder **Aleska**. "My mom was a nurse, and her mom was one as well. I went to nursing school and planned to follow in the family tradition. But then this guy I know asked me to pose naked for his Web site. I thought, *Okay, I'll do it for fun.* That led to other photo-shoots, and before long I realized I could make a living doing this. So long nursing; hello adult entertainment!"

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ALESKA'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Komló, Hungary | AGE: 21 | BIRTH SIGN: Leo | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 105

Was **Aleska**'s mother disappointed by her career choice? "At first she was very angry. She thought I was throwing my life away. Then she saw how happy I was and the kind of money I was making. She knows I always wanted to travel, and suddenly I got to fly around the world. I even took her with me to England and California. Suddenly her opinion changed. She recently told me she was happy I didn't waste my life being a nurse."

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Even though her nursing days are past, we had to ask if **Aleska** could give us a sponge bath, for old time's sake. "That would be good," she replies. "I only got to wash old, hairy, fat men and women. I still have my nurse's uniform and do occasionally wear it during sex. I think fantasy is an important part of sex, and dressing up turns me on as much as it does the guy."

HONEY

"With so many people telling me I should be a model, I knew right where I wanted to start," states this "flirtatious, energetic and enthusiastic" waitress from Leechburg, Pennsylvania. "My favorite magazine, HUSTLER. I'm not afraid to try anything at least once." That credo applies whether Honey, 21, is walking down the street—like the time she and some lady friends flashed a bunch of firefighters—or in the throes of passion. "I'm straight but have had bi-curious experiences," the 4-foot-11 dynamo discloses. "I love doggy-style, getting my pussy eaten and having sex in the shower or public places. I also like it rough. Slap my ass, pull my hair, and if I feel the need for extra kinkiness, fuck me in the ass! I like it all." Belying her lack of inhibitions, Honey also relishes social networking, the arts, music (Hall & Oates, Poison, Guns N' Roses), football, comic/actor Dane Cook and *Family Guy*. But they play second fiddle to sex and her ultimate aspiration: "I want to be a HUSTLER Honey centerfold." Good luck, Honey. —Photos by Husband

KITTY

We now welcome Kitty, 28, a "strong-willed, caring, open-minded" administrative assistant from Live Oak, California, who lives life to the utmost. "I love anything outdoors," the 5-foot-2 knockout begins, "especially horseback riding, hunting and the beach. My interests also include the legal field, country music, alternative rock, UFC—I'm a total fight girl—and taking nude photos of myself." Be assured that Kitty isn't a loner. "I'm seductive, bisexual and frisky," she admits. "I've been told I should have been a porn star. I've been complimented on everything from my tight pussy to the way I suck cock. I enjoy romantic, passionate lovemaking but also being fucked ruthlessly in various positions with ass-smacking, hair-pulling and dirty talk. My fantasy is to fuck another hot woman while my boyfriend watches without being able to touch until he can't resist ravishing me." —Photos by Kitty

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BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

ARIEL

"I'm pretty outgoing and adventurous," declares this 19-year-old retail clerk from Barstow, California. "I love thrilling experiences." Now Ariel has added a *Beaver Hunt* Spotlight to her ever-growing list of thrills. "Being photographed nude makes me feel sexy," the 5-foot-9 skin-mag virgin avows, although she seems pretty adept without a camera handy. Take a memorable caper, for example. "I met a cute guy at a club once," Ariel recalls. "We went to his home and had hot sex all night! In the morning I split before he woke up, and I never saw him again. That was my first one-night stand, and it was fun!" As for her carnal preferences, Ariel divulges, "I like to be seductive and to be romanced only by a man. Yes, I'm still straight. I love dick!" And how's this for diversity? "I love to fuck standing up," the classic-rock fan notes, "or sit me on a counter! I was the most popular cheerleader in high school, and I took gymnastics, so I'm pretty flexible!" Ariel, who also savors "great Mexican food" and *Desperate Housewives*, has short- and long-term wishes: "I want to have sex on a tropical beach and on a bed covered with roses and fudge. But most of all I hope to soon be engaged. I plan on being a stay-at-home wife and eventually a mother." —Photos by Friend

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BRANDEE

"I don't look at nude modeling as porn but as art," proclaims Brandee, 28, a stay-at-home mom from Newark, Ohio. Following in the footsteps of her gal pal Sarah (a July '09 Beaver) and cousin Heather (an October '07 Real College Girl), the "bubbly, fun and easy to get along with" pixie insists, "I hate clothes; they're aggravating. People wear them to impress others. What a crock! I would rather live in a nudist colony." But Brandee, a wee 5-foot-2, makes a fine first impression during one of her unclothed nature walks. She's also big on crafts, painting, *Three's Company*, movies, "old, old country like Hank Williams Sr.," Led Zeppelin and the Doors (both their music and the Val Kilmer flick). Taking us behind closed doors, "bi-curious" Brandee—whose cheeky butt has induced much praise—assesses her sex life: "I'm not picky. With a guy I will try anything once. I've been called a freak in the sheets, but I am a little old-fashioned. I've never been with a girl or two guys at the same time." Maybe Brandee is saving those breakthroughs for a rainy day. —Photos by Friend

"My fantasy is to take a nude nature walk and find my significant other waiting for me in a big bathtub filled with soap bubbles and rose petals."

"Guys can look at my pictures and do whatever they please. I appreciate any compliments—woodies most of all."

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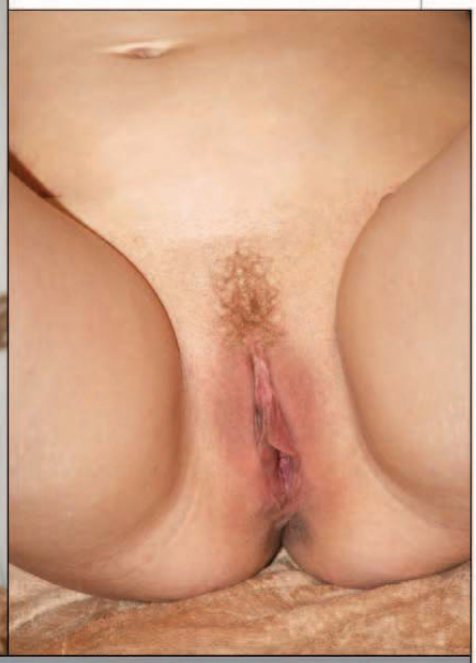
NIKKI

"I'm 31 and happy with the way I look," coos this "open-minded but believe it or not shy" cosmetologist from Waco, Texas. "I used to be a stripper. I like being naked." Nikki, who shares a November 1 birthday with Larry Flynt and only shares her 5-foot bod with men, also likes cooking, the metal band Korn, alternative rock and the TV series *Lost*. Tuning in to lust, Nikki alternates from passive to aggressive. "I love to be tied up," the trained tattoo artist and piercer remarks, "and I *really* like to give head. I have a tongue bar." As a lover, frisky Nikki raises the bar: "I've had sex in a church, under a tree in a cemetery during a thunderstorm and on the I-35 median strip right outside town. I've just about fulfilled all of my wild fantasies." Nikki is also game for filling up her admittedly best asset: "I'm a very big fan of anal; it gives me the best orgasms." —Photos by Friend

CHANELLE



"I'm an optical assistant," announces "single and loving it" Chanelle of Manhattan Beach, California. "I like to make people see better." But now, "happy-go-lucky and motivated by fun and excitement," the 5-foot-4 tyro can shuck her duds to offer looky-loos optimum eyeballing. "I hope guys get horny looking at me," murmurs Chanelle, whose visual-enhancing scuttlebutt is stellar: "I love roller-skating, swimming, reggae, hip-hop, sex and more sex. I'm what you'd call seductive, aggressive, bi-curious and always on the make." On the verge of blowing out 37 candles as a June birthday gal, Chanelle bellows, "I give good head, and I have a perfect butt 'cause I like shaking it when I'm being fucked from behind! I've even tried anal; it's fun, but a big-ass dick isn't going to fit." Nevertheless, Chanelle longs for "two dicks at once in my pussy" and "fucking on a sex swing." It sounds as if she's a XXX-video viewer. "Oh, yeah, they're fun to watch," Chanelle revels. "I come up with new ways of doing things. I've thought about being a porn star. What girl hasn't?" —Photos by Friend

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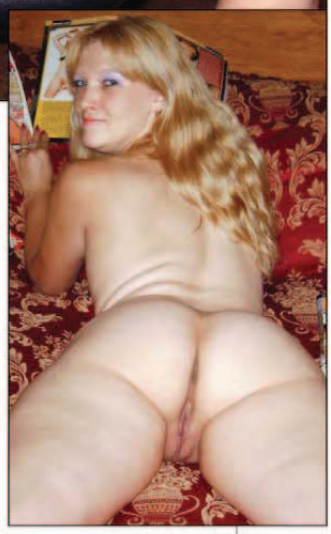
DILLION

"Hell yeah, I want guys and girls to get turned on looking at me," roars this "outgoing and funny" nude dancer from Corsicana, Texas. "I've hit my prime!" Dillion, a June candle-blower who'll be 32 but feels much younger, is also gung ho in the pleasure department. "I love every aspect of sex," the 5-foot-6 newbie asserts. "Nothing beats the feeling of being filled up, and that goes for ass-fucking too. Anal orgasms are *the* best feeling in the world!" Rounding out her interests are tennis, horseback riding, country music and the boob tube. "My favorite shows are *I Love Lucy* and *Maury*," perky Dillion reveals. "I love all that drama and who's-your-daddy shit." And guess what? "I watch TV and do household chores naked all the time," she fesses up. "I don't like to put clothes on anymore." Besides "meeting George Strait," Dillion fantasizes about "me and another woman with a guy under the stars on a beach in Corpus Christi." —Photos by Friend

THERESA



"I love the idea that your readers may find me sexy and desirable," reckons this "adventurous" homemaker from Olive Hill, Kentucky. "It's a big turn-on." But Theresa, who'll be turning 33 in June, has others, namely collecting knickknacks, Nickelback, spelunking and being extraordinarily amorous. "I have a talent for seducing men into seducing me," the 5-foot-6 jezebel marvels. "They seem to like that I appear innocent and sweet in public, the kind of girl you can take home to mama, but that I also have a raw, wild, freaky side. I love right-here, right-now, in-the-heat-of-the-moment fucking. I've had sex in a cave with people nearby, in broad daylight at a rest area and in a busy restaurant's parking lot." Finally, the fancier of tacos, pizza, *Ghost Hunters* and wrestling points out why she's an awesome couch potato: "I love to cuddle, and I never tell the ending of a movie. Romantic and scary flicks turn me on, so there's a pretty good chance my man will get lucky afterward. But first I'll dance naked for him." —Photos by Husband

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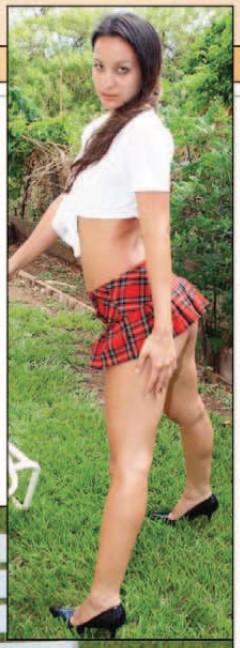
KAYLA

Anchoring our latest gash bash with a rare-these-days bush and a splay-the-pink shot to boot is Kayla Star, a "wild, spunky and rambunctious" caregiver from Pakulani, Hawaii. "I like to sneak onto my neighbor's property and have sex in the woods," the 5-foot-7 boar-hunting and horseback-riding buff chirps. "I'm down for kissing *everywhere*, being eaten out and fucking, especially reverse cowgirl." Kayla, who'll be hitting 28 in June, dreams of "going on a safari and being tied up with vines as the other hunters have their way with me." —Photos by Friend



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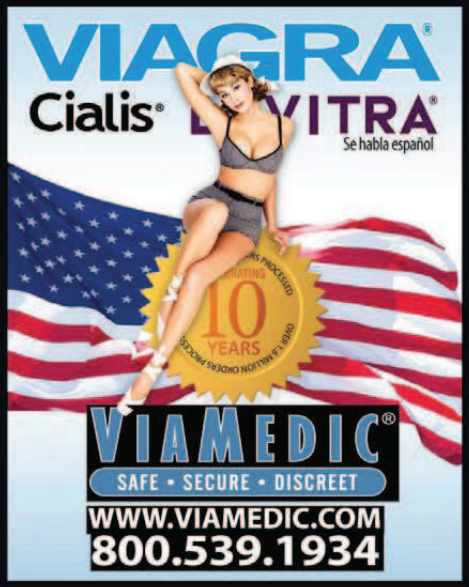

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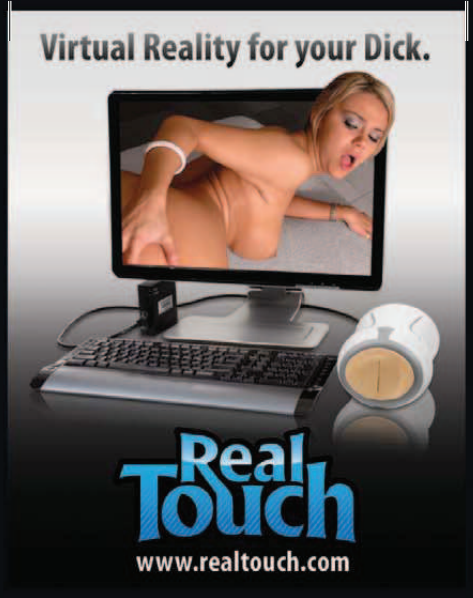

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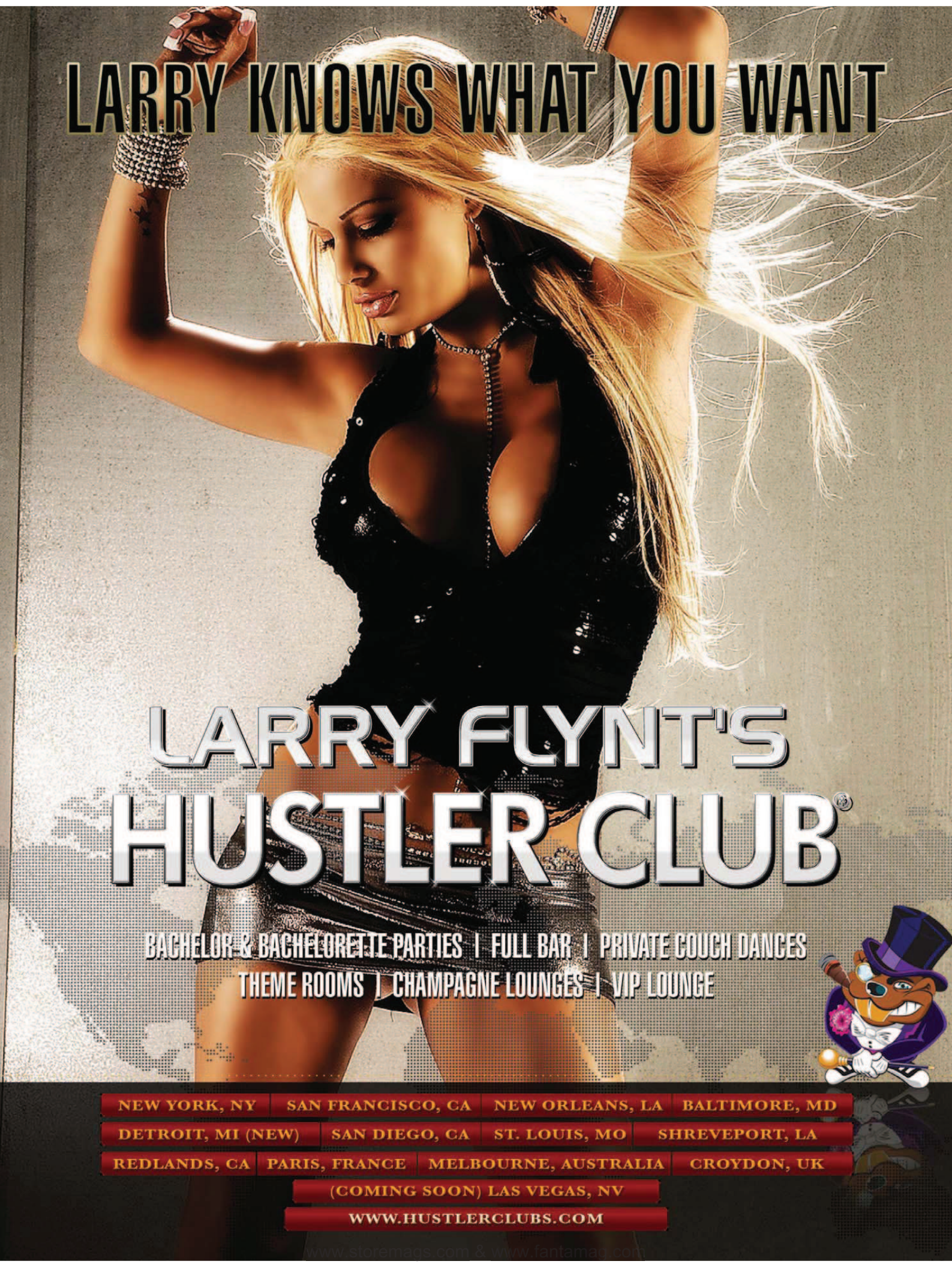

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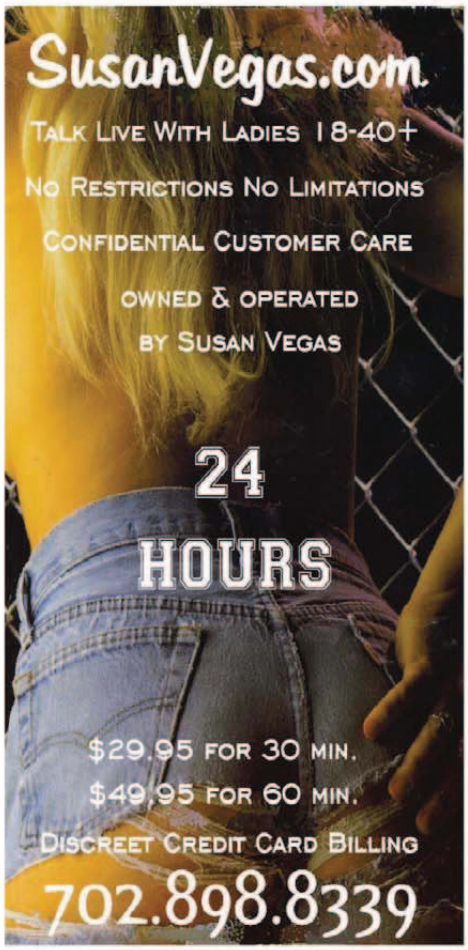

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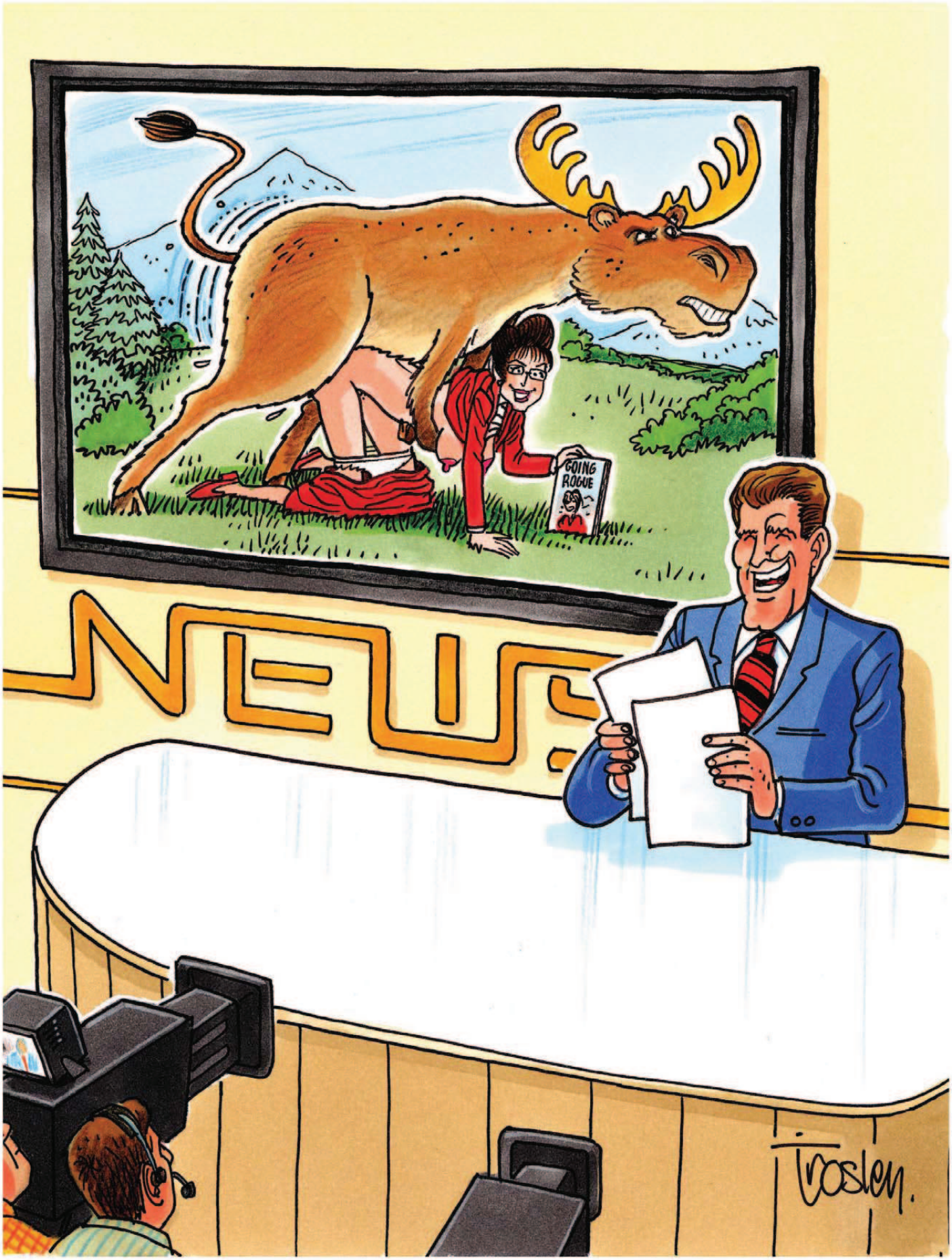

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36TH ANNIVERSARY SALUTE: HUSTLER PARODIES

Since 1974 HUSTLER has been the world's most controversial adult magazine. Believing there are no sacred cows, we've poked fun at movies, products and even a preacher in ad spoofs. We've also raised awareness of health hazards, corruption and shady business practices with biting parodies. Giving our 36th Anniversary Issue extra clout, we'll be rolling out all our ad-parody standouts.

THE NAKED SOUL OF MISTY STONE

After starting off in gonzo flicks like *HUSTLER's Ghetto Lollipops*, Misty Stone has unleashed her smoking sexuality in a gaggle of hard-core spoofs, topped by *Not the Cosbys XXX* and its sequel. But there's more there than meets the eye. Discussing God, love and family with HUSTLER's Mark Johnson, Misty peels away the layers of a porn star to reveal the real woman inside.

TEN DATING TIPS FROM ÜBER-LOTHARIO TUCKER MAX

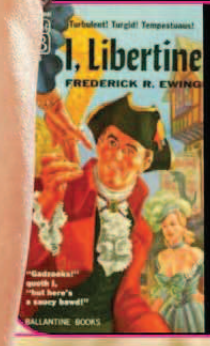
Whether you're seeking a spur-of-the-moment slut or the ideal wife, let Tucker Max's pointers pave the way. The kiss-and-tell blogger literally wrote the book on how to score. Filled with juicy accounts of his sexploits, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* was recently reincarnated as a Hollywood movie. When it comes to charming the ladies, Tucker Max is a master.

THE SPELLBINDING ART OF DORIAN CLEAVENGER

Frustrated as a commercial artist in the corporate world, Dorian Cleavenger decided to give his vivid imagination a new life. He's now acclaimed for creations that blend fantasy and sexuality with a dark, dangerous sensibility. See for yourself as we present a sampling of Cleavenger's wizardry.

VIVA LUST VEGAS! *AVN*'S 2010 BLOWOUT!

Las Vegas truly lives up to its nickname, Sin City, when the *AVN* Adult Entertainment Expo rolls into town. Strip clubs, talent agencies and sex toy manufacturers promote themselves, but the extravaganza is dominated by an endless parade of eye candy. So don't miss K.K. Le Roque's exhaustive coverage, along with dazzling photos from the convention floor and porn's premiere red-carpet event, the *AVN* Awards Show.



JEAN SHEPHERD'S COLOSSAL PRANK

Back in the '50s, New York radio host Jean Shepherd spun a coterie of touching anecdotes and humorous yarns. The raconteur gained further fame by cowriting and narrating what's become a Yuletide staple, the film *A Christmas Story*. But as Bob Kaye recounts, Shepherd also orchestrated one of the greatest literary hoaxes of all time. Read how a nonexistent novel titled *I, Libertine* made best-seller lists worldwide.

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